



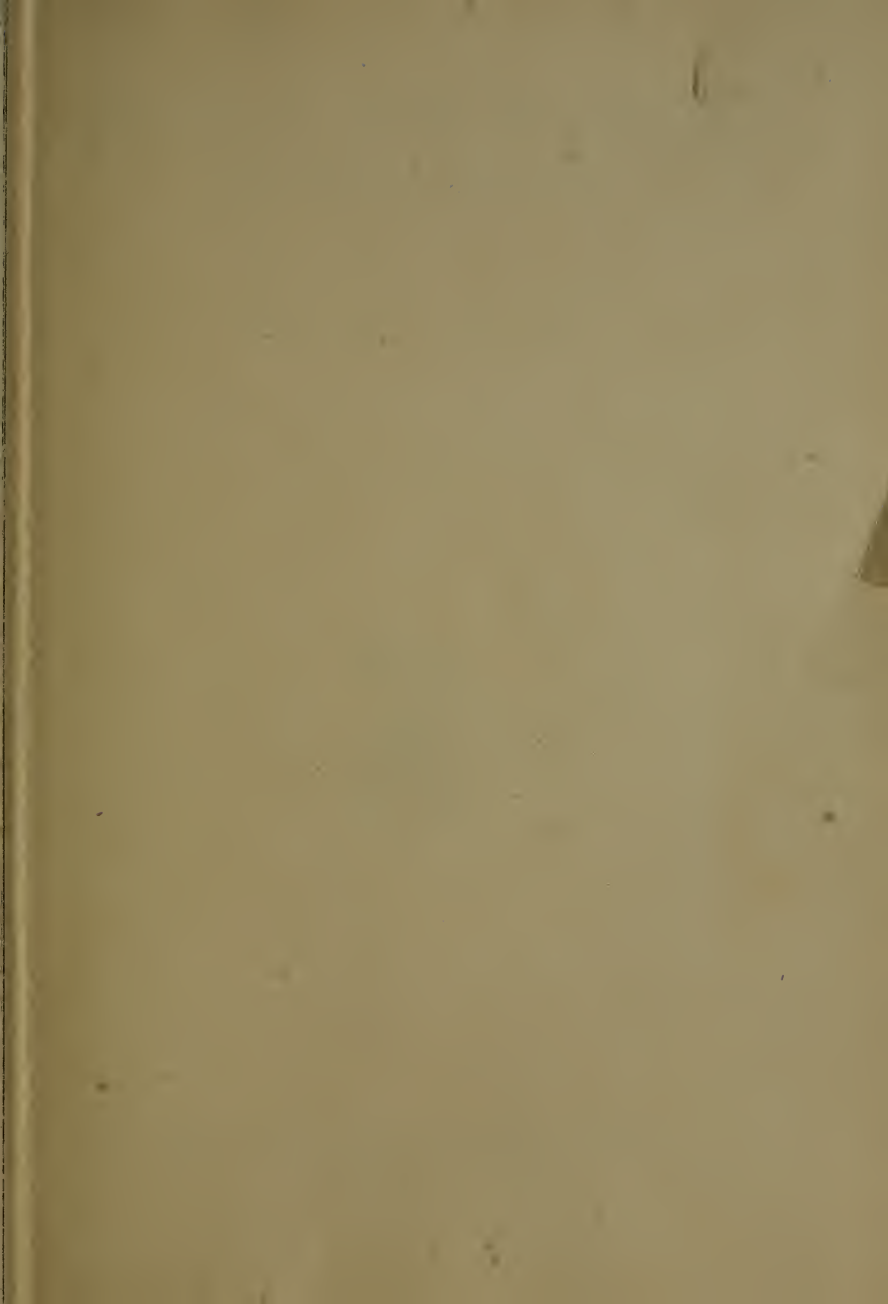


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# ROUND THE WORLD IN SILENCE

BY  
ANNABELLE KENT



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## Preface

**B**OOKS of travel are legion now-a-days, and one has but to turn to the shelves of library or bookstore to obtain information on every land and sea under the sun. My excuse for adding to this collection is that I hope to offer something that will interest the stay-at-homes, revive pleasant memories in the globe-trotter, and give to both the novelty of being taken around a soundless world.

A deaf young lady made the remark to me once that it was a waste of time and money for a deaf person to go to Europe, as she could get so little benefit from the trip. I told her that as long as one could see there was a great deal one could absorb and enjoy. Then, when the time and opportunity came for me to take a tour around the world, there happened to be a young man in the party who was totally blind. I was full of sympathy for him, but he, instead of feeling regret, thought the sympathy should be bestowed on me, since I was deaf instead of blind. Cheerfulness is a fine trait, but I could not bear to think of going to India and then not being able to see the glories of the Taj or the pathetic beauty of the Residency, — Lucknow's memento of the Mutiny. Feeling that I was fully repaid for the months of strenuous life, I have been moved to rewrite and publish the letters I sent home telling of my experiences on the tour as I would like to show others, as well as my deaf brethren and sisters,

how much pleasure and profit one can get through travel not only in Europe but the Orient. I am not merely hard of hearing, but entirely deaf. Part of the time I was with friends of long standing, part of the time with almost entire strangers; and even amid the stress of travel they were always kind and patient with me. If they should chance to read these pages, I would like them to know how much I thank them all.

# Round the World in Silence

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## I

On Board the Princess Irene.

DEAR MARGUERITE:—

I wish you could have been here yesterday, when this ship left Hoboken. All my dear ones within a hundred miles of the place were there, and I should have liked to have you with them. You could have seen Molly, her husband, and little son. You have not met her since our college days, when we were all at Monnett Hall together, have you? Her husband is such a fine fellow, and Buddie is the sweetest, most engaging three-year-old that I ever saw.

Did you ever know I wanted to go round the world? I didn't know it myself till Molly told me she was building such a castle in Spain. A year ago I never dreamed of such a thing; and it is wonderful how it came about. Molly came over from New Haven one day last spring and 'phoned me to meet her in Wana-maker's. We had a fine day, pretending we were school girls again. While we were at luncheon she told me that her husband and she were talking about "going around the world". I told her to be sure and let me know if it came to a reality, for I wanted to be one of the party. That was in May; in August, I was in Troy, visiting Edith, when one day I was thunder-

struck to receive a letter from Molly's husband, saying that if I had really decided to take the trip I was to telegraph at once to a man in New York who was to reserve a berth for me on the *Isis*, from Brindisi to Port Said, and on the *China*, from Port Said to Colombo, Ceylon, until he could hear from me; then the sailing date from New York could be decided later. It was necessary to secure passage on these two steamers at once, as the lists were made up in London. I did not see how I could go. If I had had a little time to consider the pros and cons I was sure I could do it, but there was no time, and I could not venture to say "yes" without time to see if all my affairs could be arranged. Though I was deeply disappointed, I felt that I must give it up, and wrote to Mr. Brown to that effect. Three weeks later, at home, when I had nearly forgotten all about it, the postman brought me another letter from Mr. Brown, saying he had just learned that, through a mistake made at the New York office, I was booked through to Ceylon, and as we did not sail for four weeks, I would have time to make arrangements to go. Hurry!

I am on board the *Princess Irene*, myself, but how many things necessary to my existence stayed at home, I have yet to learn.

For comfort there is nothing like the German steamers. Everything is kept spotlessly clean. The service is faultless, and the dinners are works of art. They learned at once that I cannot hear, and so, every time the meals are ready, the stewardess or steward comes to my stateroom to call me. And my stateroom is most conveniently arranged. I have two large wardrobes and plenty of drawers.

On Saturday morning, we came in sight of the largest of the Azore Islands and passed quite close to Ponta Delgada, the Capitol. It was raining when I came on deck, and the huge brown rocks and soft green slopes were veiled by a mist of rain. But as the Irene drew near the city, the sun shone out gloriously.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

All the buildings on the island, even the fences, were a brilliant white. The city itself was crowned by a bright rose-pink clock tower. All the mummies in the deck chairs suddenly came to life, and there was high excitement on board during the two hours while we were passing the island. Head winds have fought us all the way, and it has been very wet. My room-

mate says it is rough, but this is her first voyage. When I remember our crossings of the North Atlantic, it seems to me that there is just enough motion to give zest. For me it has been drifting from one opal day to another.

What a wonderful day this has been! We were called before daylight,—and there we were at Gibraltar. As I dressed, the light became stronger and I could see the huge, gloomy rock, its top hidden in clouds. Daylight came very quickly and showed us a glorious panorama of mountain and sea: a white glimmer of a distant African city at the foot of grey hills; a glittering bay, crowded with warships, ocean steamers, steam launches, and rowboats.

The tender started for the shore at ten o'clock, and we were all on board; dear little Buddie as excited as any of us. On the dock all of us five women and Buddie squeezed into one of the odd little carriages in waiting, while Mr. Brown went off on foot to find the cable office. What a ride we had through the quaint narrow streets, crowded with a motley throng of Arabs, in flowing white robes; English soldiers; peddlers, with baskets of fruit and flowers; and patient little donkeys, loaded down with huge panniers of vegetables, fruit and charcoal. The tall houses were painted bright purple or yellow. Dark-eyed beauties laughed down at us from flower-decked balconies. They looked pretty at a distance; but a closer acquaintance showed them to be so powdered as to be almost ghastly. Even the little girls looked as if they had been white-washed. The streets were almost as steep as the side of a house. Molly and I jumped out of the carriage and followed it on foot. Up and up



we panted, until the driver stopped at the entrance of the fortifications. Here we registered and proceeded on foot, with a tall soldier for our guide. Then upward again, along a path nicked out of the side of the mountain. We could see nothing over the sides of the ravine, so we plodded patiently along until we came to the first of the galleries which honeycomb the rock. Our guide lifted Buddie to his shoulder and we groped our way along, stopping occasionally as we came to an opening through which big guns thrust inquisitive noses, spying across the glittering water for some sneaking enemy. The huge steamers, far below, looked like toys; yet we found afterwards that we had not gone anywhere near the top of the rock. After we had gone through some half dozen of these dark galleries, the guide turned and took us back to where we had left the carriage. Buddie, riding happily on the guide's shoulder, made love to the man, patting his cheek, and putting his arms around his neck, blarneying him,—"You dear soldier!" When we came to smooth ground again, Buddie was placed on his feet; whereupon that young gentleman remarked, "Now we men will walk together!"

Then came a drive through a lovely park, where huge oleander trees, thick with blossoms, cacti, pepper, banana, and pine trees mingled with tall geraniums and flowering shrubs in a luxuriant tangle. Later, on the Neutral Ground, where Spanish cavalry, resplendent in black and yellow, mounted guard on the entrance to the land of the young king, we found Mr. Brown in a carriage, returning from Linnea, the Spanish town on the other side of the Neutral Ground. The customs officers had searched him,—fun for the

rest of us! As we were somewhat cramped in our wee carriage, Buddie was handed out to his father. We had only two hours on land, and came near getting left. Driving along, so interested in the novel sights that we had almost forgotten the Irene, we happened to see a clock. It lacked only five minutes to ten, the time when the tender was to leave. We whipped up our horse, and as we flew along we caught sight of Mr. Brown, who had also taken alarm. He had left his carriage somewhere, and, with Buddie tucked under his arm like a bundle, was running for all he was worth. Luck was with us, for our tender was still at the wharf. The gang plank had been taken up, but the space was not too wide for us to jump.

## II

## The Princess Irene.

OUR sail on the Mediterranean was enchanting! The water was smooth as glass and a beautiful blue. One night we had a grand ball on board. For ball room we had the flag-draped deck with its red and white lights. The deck was sprinkled with what every one vowed was H. O. The band tuned up; but alas! the ball did not proceed. The girls were ready, but all the men had been seized with stage fright, and had betaken themselves into remote boiler rooms and other such masculine retreats. The ship's officers were still left us, and they would have made the swellest kind of partners, but—the rules did not permit them to dance. Well, at ten o'clock the Captain ordered lights out, and the ball came to a melancholy end.

Friday evening:—The "Captain's Dinner" is just over, and to-morrow we shall be in Naples. That dinner made up for the ball. They hung the dining-saloon with flags and banners, draped the pillars with bunting, and put the waiters into white waistcoats. Each one of us had a souvenir in the shape of a hat ribbon. When time for dessert came, and we were making gay with paper caps, and swapping mottoes, the lights went out, and little red and white lights flashed up on the miniature lighthouses which served as centerpieces. Then, in the semi-darkness, entered a brilliant procession. All the waiters and stewards

filed in, waiters and stewards alternately. Each waiter carried a tray, bearing a large hollow block of ice with a light inside; around this was the ice cream, molded into little seated figures holding tiny Japanese parasols. Each steward carried a large Japanese lantern. The gay procession circled all the tables and then passed out. After that we had our ice cream, and each lady was given a parasol and a flag.

Sunday:—Here we are in the Bay of Naples. Yesterday they woke me before daylight to look out at Vesuvius. The silvery grey-blue water was banked by dark blue mountains, and behind the mountains the sky glowed red.

Did you know they have strikes in Italy? They do. As we were about to go ashore this morning, we heard that it was uncertain when the Irene would proceed to Genoa, because there was a strike among the deck hands, and the cargo could not be unloaded. After waiting around for an hour we decided to land, for a while at least.

There was a large party of us, and we engaged a guide, — one who was very proud of his English. After we had looked into the Aquarium and a few shops, we turned toward Pompeii to spend the rest of the day there. We were all crowded into one wagonette, and the sun was hot, so we were glad enough to stop for luncheon at an out-of-door restaurant. The little building was roofed with vines, and, in the garden, real oranges and lemons hung from the trees. Here we had our first meal in the land of macaroni and garlic; but we left out the garlic.

Then on we went again, jolting over uneven pavements walled in on either side by bright painted

houses. All around us, on the street, cooking, washing, sewing, quarrelling and love-making were going on. One glance at the dirt would have turned Marietta's hair white; and the odors were not of cologne! As we drove farther out, open archways framed fleeting glimpses of lovely gardens. Our guide told us that the lively street we were on had been buried nine feet deep in lava at the time of the last eruption, and for a week it had been so dark that one could hardly see one's hand before one's face. There was a good deal of lava dust, and as we got outside of the city it grew deeper, and there were great heaps of it on either side of the road. It took about two hours to cover the fourteen miles from Naples, and when we left our carriage at the hotel, outside the entrance to Pompeii, there was no sign of anything like our preconceived notions of that city. We were admitted to a lovely park,—the more lovely to us because of our dusty drive. The high banks on either side of the path leading to the ruined city were dotted with beautiful flowers. They say a king of Naples, digging to get water to the city from a spring, was the first to discover the place. By good fortune we had Pompeii almost to ourselves, and we wandered for hours through the ruins. Think of it! ruins two thousand years old. The narrow streets worn in deep ruts by the chariot wheels of long ago, with their huge stepping stones at the crossings, spoke eloquently of the tide of life that had once flowed through them. Excavating is still going on, as the ancient city has not yet been entirely uncovered. Restorations have been so carefully made that one can form an excellent idea of what the city was. There are bakeries with their

ovens and mills for grinding flour, wine shops with their empty reservoirs, chemists' shops, with all their vessels and instruments. In the houses the wall paintings are as bright as if fresh from the brush. The homes of the wealthy had beautiful flower gardens in the inner court, and on pedestals in the gardens stand portrait busts of the long dead owners. We took some snap shots of each other in the Forum and



POMPEII

Roman Theatre, and had drinking water offered us from a well in the temple of Isis.

The Baths must have been the height of luxury, with hot and cold baths, plunge baths, and Turkish baths, all provided for. In the Museum are shown, in glass cases, casts of some of the victims, made from the lava-molds that formed about their bodies. The

poor creatures are doubled up or lying on their faces evidently in the vain effort to shield themselves from the awful storm of lava. It seems cruel that their death agony should be exposed to curious gazers. The shelves around them are filled with things they had used in life, — household utensils, jewelry, glass-ware, bronze and copper vessels, swords, coins, vases, in pathetic array.

Three days later :—We have just left Naples, having had four days there instead of one. The strike made it impossible to unload the *Irene* on time. Naples was swarming with troops, and our vessel, which lay at anchor in the bay about a mile from the landing stage, was guarded by a number of Italian officers, swell-looking fellows, all red and silver braid, with feathers on their flapping beaver hats. It has been interesting to watch the unloading, and the people who come out in rowboats at night to sing and dance for us. I wonder how they manage to dance in those rowboats without going overboard. They hold up a big umbrella, inverted, to catch the change; and they always catch it, too.

We have gone back and forth from the city every day either in the tender, that plies regularly, or in a rowboat. Yesterday we went to the Monastery of San Martino, a picturesque landmark on the top of the hill behind the city. There is quite a fine museum up there; the carriage in which the present king was taken to his christening is kept in the museum. Besides the museum there is a beautiful church on the hill, and, best of all, some glorious views.

We have also visited the Cathedral, and several of the four hundred Catholic churches in Naples, and



taken a drive out to Puteoli, where Paul landed on his way to Rome. There are still traces remaining of the ancient Roman wharf on which he landed. Part of the four days we have spent in shopping for corals, guide-books and photographs, and in watching the interesting street-life of the city. Altogether, we have enjoyed ourselves in a leisurely way. Buddie has gone with us every day, and has been as good and happy as a king, happier, probably, and better too, judging from all accounts of kings. It has been huge fun to go about with Mr. Brown. No difficulties of language daunt him. I told him one day he could soon graduate in the sign language. Yesterday he bought himself an Italian-English Phrase Book. The rest of us stood in a row along the side walk while he hunted for the phrase he wanted, and tried it on one of the ever-present soldiers. It was amusing to watch them!

I have been out shopping all by myself, and the only trouble I had was with the beggars that followed me. You know Naples swarms with them. They dog every step we take. "We will take American money", they say, — obliging creatures! An intelligent Italian told Mr. Brown that the soldiers' pay was only two cents a day. And only two cents a day was paid to the men unloading and coaling the Irene.

We are due at Genoa about the middle of the afternoon, to-morrow; our trunks have been left in storage at Naples, and we are to travel in light marching order.



## III

Rome.

OUR ship sailed into the harbor of Genoa early in the afternoon, in the midst of a storm. As we entered the harbor, lightning was flashing from one grey hillside to another, but by the time the Irene came up to the quay it was all over, save a light rain. An hour later we left the steamer, bag and baggage. Oh, such a pile of stuff as we seven people had! Three hand-bags, four suit cases, one telescope bag, one huge shawl-strapped bundle, one carryall and Buddie's folding go-cart, and his horse,—a dashing little beast who travels tucked under my arm. And that is our hand baggage only!

A grand procession of stewards paraded our effects across the quay, and we, with a last fond backward look at the dear Irene, followed after. In the custom house, steerage passengers, first-class passengers and second-class passengers, together with mountains of baggage, were crammed pell-mell into one small room. It took a long while to get all our scattered baggage marked with the little labels, like pink postage stamps, which showed that we had passed the Customs. When we were free to depart, Mr. Brown, with the aid of a Cook's man as interpreter, engaged carriages, and we set out to see all we could of the city in an hour. Genoa was charming to me with its air of old-fashioned pomp, its streets of grand palaces, its fine shops, and its peace from beggars. I put this city

down on my list of air-castles for another visit. After supper at a Genoa restaurant, we took the express for Milan. But out in the open country our engine broke down, and there we stayed for hours. With us, on the train, was an American who was returning to his home in Burma with his wife, two small children, and two Burmese maids. The little ones went to sleep, and the rest of us set about getting some fun out of the situation. The train had given an awful jerk when the engine broke down, and Mr. Brown, who happened to be standing up, was thrown against the side of the car, breaking both the bows of his spectacles. He was dolefully mourning over them, when I asked him if he would be willing to try mending them with court plaster. "Oh yes, anything!" So the court plaster case was hunted up, and heads bent over the delicate bit of surgery. Wonder of wonders, it held!—result, a perfect pair of blinders! Such a sight he was! We laughed until we could laugh no more, then discovered we were sleepy, and most overwhelmingly sleepy too. I dimly realized that a kind hand was tucking an overcoat around me, and after that I knew no more till we reached Milan at half-past two in the morning. Tumbling out on the platform, babies, baggage and all, we trotted sleepily after the three porters loaded with our impedimenta. At the tall iron garden gate of a hotel across the way a concierge appeared. No, they had no rooms. Our procession stumbled on to the next gate, that of the Hotel d'Italia, where we were soon comfortably in bed. Are you surprised that we were late to coffee and rolls? It was raining in the morning, and later on we gazed at the exterior of the cathedral with umbrellas tipped back and the water

dripping on our faces while we craned our necks to measure the cathedral's glorious height. Inside, its beauty was almost hidden by the darkness; but I had the memory of a perfect summer day there years ago.

From the cathedral we went to the Santa Maria della Graccia to see Da Vinci's Last Supper. The masterpiece is fast disappearing. I could see a great change in it since my former visit. A few hours there and then came the long journey to Venice. Much of the country we passed through has the beauty characteristic of Southern California. Part of the time the train ran between the shore of Lake Como and the glorious Alps. There, too, we found some steamer friends in our compartment, and the five hours slipped gaily past. We arrived in the midst of the annual storm; this storm lasts several days, a high wind prevails during it, and the water rises to its greatest height. It was very wet and raw, with a strong smell of salt in the air. Coming from the station, we huddled shivering together in the gondola, while it thundered and poured. The hotel steps and hall were flooded with running water. The whole place felt like an aquarium. Our spirits were of the best, however, and there was amusement to be found in everything; in our blunders in trying to make our wants understood, and the blunders of the servants trying to understand us; and in the quaint old house, with its narrow halls that ran around corners, and into all sorts of unexpected labyrinths in which we were forever losing ourselves. Our beds were so high that a step-ladder was a necessity!

Morning dawned, to the accompaniment of more rain; but, nothing daunted, we set out on foot, through the narrow lanes in the rear of our hotel, to St. Mark's

Square, only a few minutes' walk. The water was rising rapidly, and workmen were putting up a temporary bridge to the door of the Cathedral. Inside, several inches of water covered the vestibule floor. In the Cathedral itself there were several small lakes in the hollows of the stone floor, where the ground beneath had settled unevenly. But who cares for wet feet in St. Mark's, the gorgeous, the incomparable?

It was All Saints' Day, and we were just in time to see the procession of the Patriarch; the priests in robes of cloth of gold, purple or red, and the patriarch himself, in his white robes, seated on his throne of white satin, embroidered with gold. Afterwards we climbed the stairs, and spent a rapturous hour among the wonderful mosaics. The Square by this time was under two feet of water. The wind was blowing. Hats were sailing through the air. Boys were splashing around, and everybody seemed to be having a great lark. People were being carried or rowed across the Square. There was one curious makeshift for a ferry. Two chairs, taken from one of the cafés, were placed on a little platform which was drawn along on a child's cart. And on this comical and precarious structure perched a complacent couple, as dignified as though they had been in an orthodox carriage.

The Doge's Palace was closed; so were all the stores; but the Royal Palace was open until one o'clock. This Palace was so plain that I was much disappointed. The bedroom for their Italian Majesties was very plain; their dressing-room adjoining has an ordinary marble slab washstand, like that in my room at the hotel, and the dressing table has only a simple white cotton cover with cheap lace edging. But the Palace

is a huge place; it has four hundred rooms and sixty-six courts. There is an audience room for each of the foreign countries. Attached to each is its own suite of dining, smoking, billiard and bedrooms, but the audience rooms only are shown. In that for the United States, the ceiling has medallion portraits of the Presidents. I thought Greece had the prettiest room, with its dainty pale blue and gold furniture and hangings. The weather was cold, raw and windy, and since everything was closed there was nothing but the hotel for the rest of the day. It was a harsh contrast to my first visit to Venice. That left me an enchanted memory of glorious summer days, blue sky and blue waters. I feel sorry for the rest that they could not have seen Venice in a more charming mood.

The early morning light of Friday saw us gathering up our belongings and hurrying to the station. Over here, one has to be at the station an hour ahead of train time, for one can't even go into the waiting-room without a ticket, and the baggage must be looked after personally. On the train we beguiled the time by making tea, with one of us on watch in the corridor to give warning so that the guard might not catch us with a lighted spirit-lamp. But one can't drink tea all day, and we were glad enough when we reached Florence at half-past five and climbed out of our cramped quarters. Just as we drove up to the hotel door, it began to rain heavily, but we had a cosy homey evening gathered around a grate fire in one of our three big comfortable rooms.

All the next morning we spent in the Uffizi Gallery. Buddie, riding happily in his little go-cart, was much interested in the pictures. How can I describe this

vast collection of treasures for you? The thought is overwhelming! Of the long galleries, filled with pictures and statuary each one deserving special study, one room will ever stand clear in my memory, — that small round apartment called the Tribuna, which holds some of the world's priceless treasures of painting and sculpture. Here are the Venus di Medici, the Wrestlers and the Knife Grinder, Raphael's Madonna of the Gold-finch and Titian's Venus of Urbino. In the Sala di Lorenza Monaco, also, are collected some of the finest paintings belonging to the Gallery. As nearly all the largest and most noteworthy are of the Madonna, there is an amusing incongruity in Botticelli's luxuriant "Birth of Venus" which has been hung in this room. Most beautiful of all the paintings here is Fra Angelico's Madonna with the twelve angels. Having been painted for a tabernacle, it is in the form of a panel with a surrounding arch. On the panel are the Virgin and Child against a background of cloth of gold, and on the surrounding arch are the familiar often-copied angels with trumpet, organ, cymbals and psaltery.

After luncheon we drove to the Pitti Gallery. I spent most of my time here before Raphael's tender Madonna dello Sedia and the Madonna del Granduca. In another room is Del Sarto's John the Baptist. The Royal apartments at the Pitti Palace are as gorgeous and beautiful as a king's palace should be. The walls of the queen's luxurious rooms are hung with heavy cream white satin, embroidered entirely by hand, and the dressing tables are covered with exquisite Swiss embroidery; it is a great contrast to the palace at Venice. We asked our guide to show us the royal

nursery ; but he said there was none, the children being left at Rome when the court came to Florence.

Next morning we had such an early breakfast that we were ready for our day's sightseeing about half-past eight. First came the Church of Santa Croce, with its monuments and frescoes. Some one has aptly called this church, with its numerous monuments to world-renowned Florentines, " the Westminster Abbey of Florence ". One walks over the burial places of the first disciples of St. Francis, treading upon their worn bronze effigies. But for many years past Santa Croce has been reserved for the illustrious dead, statesmen, sculptors, scientists, poets. Among the many monuments, we found the tomb of Galileo and the belated medallion to Machiavelli. The huge empty sarcophagus of white marble erected in hope of obtaining Dante's body, seemed to me conspicuous rather than impressive. But Michael Angelo's tomb interested us deeply, because, it said, the bust was considered an excellent likeness. Other monuments to men less familiar, were worthy of admiration because of their beauty. Some, to philosophers and scientists of whom we had never heard, claimed attention because of the sculptors who designed them.

Of even greater interest were the frescoes for which Santa Croce is noted ; they are everywhere, in the apse, in the chapels and the cloisters, in the arcade on the south, in the refectory. Many of the best have been restored after having been covered with whitewash. The finest are by Giotto, who had so important a part in the building of Santa Croce. Then there are many others, — scriptural, apocryphal and legendary, — by lesser painters ; by disciples of Giotto, by the Gaddis



and their followers, by men of whom one knows nothing. In the Peruzzi chapel is Giotto's most beautiful series. They are arranged one above the other on the walls in three divisions; on one wall scenes from the lives of John the Baptist and John the Evangelist; below that, Zacharias and Elizabeth, and lowest, Salome with Herod and with Herodias; opposite are the Vision of Patmos, Dusiana and the Resurrection of St. John, in like order. But in our haste all these passed by like pictures in a panorama. To have really seen all the Santa Croce frescoes, in their elaborate and varied detail, would have taken as many weeks as we had hours.

Then came the Palazzo Vecchio and its great hall with its marble statue of Savonarola where the Italian Parliament was to be held by Victor Emanuel. Outside, the cathedral walls are covered with variegated marbles in panels, mosaics and frescoes; the countless niches which hold statues of saints and prophets are lined with colored marble; elaborate traceries and fret work adorn mouldings, panels, and the canopies above the statues. One cannot wonder that six hundred years passed in building this cathedral, which, it was ordered, should be "the loftiest, most sumptuous and most magnificent pile that human invention could devise and human labor execute". We stopped a few moments to watch the service that was going on. Crossing over to the Baptistery we were just in time to see the baptism of a tiny Italian, ten days old. Think of growing up under the shadow of Ghiberti's wonderful bronze doors! In the Bargello, now a museum, but once the residence of the Podesta or Chief Magistrate, there is a quaint inner court and stairway.



At the Church of Santissima Annunziata a service was going on, so we turned away into the cloisters, where there is a very beautiful fresco by Andrea del Sarto, the Madonna del Sacco, painted in 1525. Its coloring is still soft and delicate. Then with reverent footsteps we trod the halls of the Monastery of San Marco. We had the place all to ourselves, and were at liberty to wander around, meditating on the scenes enacted there in the days so long gone by. What a busy community it must have been; some of the brothers working with pen and brush on the illuminated manuscripts which now lie under glass cases in the library; sometimes a little band going forth to preach, or perhaps to buy supplies; others sitting silent, meditating over the next sermon; Fra Angelico busy over the sweet faces with which he adorned the walls. Saints and angels everywhere look down in benediction from cloister walls, from walls of Chapter House and from the walls of the corridors. What have they survived! What could they tell us! How the brethren must have loved gentle Fra Angelico! How pure and noble his mind, to conceive such sweetness and love as beams upon us from these faces!

Here is the little room to which great Cosimo de Medici used to steal away when he wanted a quiet hour, and last are the two low rooms where Savonarola prayed and studied. His chair and desk are still there. His strong face looks down from the wall. The whole convent seems to breathe his intense personality. It was in the square before the convent door that he so often preached. All is still and deserted out there now in the autumnal sunshine. From Savonarola's cell we went down into the Piazza della Signoria. In this

square, then, as now, the heart of the city, the great soul yielded itself up to its Maker. A bronze slab marks the place of his martyrdom.

We turned from the scene of Savonarola's death to the burial place of his enemies, the Chapel of the Medici. In spite of all the pomp of costly marble and mosaic, it does not touch the heart as does that lowly slab in the Piazza della Signoria. Passing on to the New Sacristy, we stood before those famous figures, Michael Angelo's masterpieces, Day and Night, Evening and Dawn, on the tombs of Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici, over whose significance there has been so much conjecture. Some say they were left unfinished purposely, in a fit of pique, but I like better the conclusion of more thoughtful minds that every line, every touch in them was the working out of a mighty thought; that in them Michael Angelo was writing in stone his despair over his beloved Florence, the city which had just been defeated in its struggle for independence, and forced to bow its proud head, hitherto so glorious and free, under the yoke of mean and contemptible rulers. He foresaw that her great career had come to an end, never to rise again; henceforth lethargy was to be her fate. The figures are full of a mighty life. They have fought and struggled, then sunk into oblivion, not into rest.

In the afternoon we had a long drive up the Viale dei Colli and the Via Machiavelli, which run into each other in a fine wide road winding up a long hill. On one side are handsome villas surrounded with gardens, and on the other one looks down on beautiful views of the city below, and across to the distant hills. On the top of the hill is the church of San Miniato al

Monte, which has a glorious view from its terrace. This is where the Spirit in "Romola" stood, when he returned to gaze on the city of his fathers. There is a cemetery close to the church, where candles burn in little shrines on the graves. Farther on there is another beautiful view from the Piazza Michael Angelo on the other side of the hill.

Back in Florence again in the early dusk of the autumn day, we insisted on going to the English cemetery though our driver said it was closed after four o'clock. The warden let us in, to stand beside Mrs. Browning's tomb and wonder why those two devoted lovers should be separated in death; she lying here in their beloved Italy, and he far away in Westminster Abbey.

## IV

International Hotel, Brindisi, Italy.

**H**OW good the sunshine seemed, that first morning in Rome, after the continuous rain we have had since we landed in Italy!

Though we were only five minutes' walk from Trajan's Tomb, we hurried straight to St. Peter's. We rushed through the streets of Rome in a trolley car. Think of taking a trolley in Rome, and to St. Peter's! But at the time the incongruity of it did not occur to us. We thought only of the cathedral. Was it really the St. Peter's of our dreams? On every side stretches a wilderness of marble, marble pillars, marble walls, and high above one's head a mighty dome. It is wonderful, it is disappointing. If beautiful marble, sculptures, bronzes, gilding, height and breadth could satisfy, one would be satiated. One aches with the weariness of trying to understand, to grasp it all. After spending the morning there we felt we must have the afternoon out of doors. So, after luncheon, carriages were ordered, and we drove out to the Pincian Hill. The beautiful park-like gardens, with their wide stretches of green turf, were restful to the eye. This is a fashionable resort in the latter part of the afternoon, when the band plays and the Italians pay and receive visits, sitting in their carriages. We enjoyed watching them and looking at the beautiful view from the crown of the hill until the sun went down; then we went home through the darkening streets, where handsome shops were blazing with electric lights.

Next day we got down near the heart of ancient Rome, by going early to Trajan's Forum. There is little to be seen there except the Column, which is wonderfully preserved. Around it is wreathed, in an ascending procession, the sculptured story of Trajan's wars. From the Forum we walked to the Carcer Mamertinus, one of the city's most noteworthy antiquities. The Apostles, Peter and Paul, were imprisoned there, being thrust down through a hole in the roof into the lower chambers. There is a stairway, now, down which we crept, to the dark, damp dungeon below. It made the Bible seem so real to stand on the very spot which the feet of the apostles had pressed so long ago.

As we went down the Via delli Grazie into the Roman Forum, I persuaded the rest to go on and leave me. Once alone, I sat down on a crumbling column in the Basilica Julia, and dreamed that the empty space around me was filled with the Romans of olden days, in their white togas. Opposite were the three graceful columns of the Temple of Castor; at my left, the Arch of Septimus Severus; on the heights above, the eight columns of the Temple of Saturn. Fleecy cloudlets dotted the tender blue of the sky. Presently a real live ancient Roman, wearing the badge of a guide, came along and tried to scrape acquaintance. My dream Romans being more inviting than this reality, I offered him some small change, hoping he would depart. The rapidity of his exit was amazing. Moving on, I came to the Palace of the Vestal Virgins, where there were pretty flower gardens and a fountain in the ruins of the Court. Back of this are the huge ruined walls of the Palace of the Cæsars, and farther on is the

Arch of Titus with its sculptured representations of the spoils brought from the sacred city of the Jews, the seven-branched candlestick, the trumpets of the Jubilee, and the table of the shew-bread. Here also is pictured Titus returning from Jerusalem; his face has been almost destroyed, not by the tooth of time it is said, but by stones thrown by the Jews. To this day no Jew will, of his free will, pass under this arch. A little further on, and we are at the Colosseum. It was not so attractive, viewed by the light of day, as when I first saw it, with its massive broken arches standing out clear in the bright moonlight. Then it was easy to imagine the Emperor in his chair of state; to see a multitude of faces looking down on the little band of Christians in the arena; to hear the roar of ferocious humanity drowning the roar of the wild beasts below. Now, viewed by light of garish day, I saw nothing but huge bare walls.

Later in the day we went to the Church of San Clemente, an interesting place, built on the ruins of an early Christian Church; and below this are the ruins of buildings of a still earlier age. We went down into the lower church, which our guide lighted up so that we could see the frescoes, some of which were very fine. The buildings under this,—that is, the third stratum,—were full of water, and we could only peer down a dark stairway. Next came a visit to the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to see Michael Angelo's wonderful Moses; and then we went to the Santa Maria in Aracoeli, to see the Bambino, which is a doll carved from olive wood brought from the Garden of Gethsemane. The priest led us up to the altar, and, opening the doors of the shrine, touched a spring which

brought the glass case containing the Bambino forward from the recess behind. The doll is covered so thickly with jewelled rings and pins that it is a mass of gems. These jewels are votive offerings, and are valued at \$1,000,000. The priest gave us each a little picture, which he first wiped on the glass case, thus making it holy. Buddie's eyes grew very large and round when he saw the case close and slip back out of sight.

On leaving this church we drove through the city, across the Tiber, and up a long hill to the Church of San Pietro, in Montorio, built by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain on the spot where St. Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom. We did not go inside this church, however. We went up for the magnificent view of the city from the Plaza before its door. Moreover, from this vantage point one is able to survey the whole city, and get its different parts well fixed in mind. On the way back we stopped to visit the Methodist Orphanage, which is housed in an old convent on the Via Garibaldi. The lovely gardens of the convent make the place well worth visiting.

On Thursday we began with the Pantheon. It is hard to realize that its walls, which are in such perfect preservation, have stood since the days of the Emperor Hadrian. The peculiarity of the edifice is that it is circular, lighted only by a round opening in the roof. No glass protects this opening. Beautiful marbles make the interior a fit resting place for the two Italian kings, and the great artist Raphael, who lie there in their last long sleep.

We turned from Raphael's tomb to the Santa Maria della Pace, where are his great paintings, the Sybils,



and on leaving there we went to the Santa Maria Sopra to see Michael Angelo's Christ with the Cross, a wonderful marble that is spoiled by the addition of a brönze drapery. It was the master's intention to portray the Risen Christ, hence the figure was nude, and the prudish monks clothed it in these inharmonious garments. The right foot has a bronze shoe, to protect it from the kisses of the devout, which further lessens the majesty of the figure.

As we alighted from the carriage at the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, a picturesque peasant woman made overtures to our little Buddie, who wins hearts everywhere he goes. He was highly pleased with the bunch of violets she gave him. This church is one of the largest and handsomest in Rome. Many of the Popes are buried there. What interested us most was that the ceiling was gilded with the first gold brought from America, and presented to the church by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. In one of the chapels is an ancient picture of the Virgin, now almost black, reputed to have been painted by St. Luke.

In times past, San Giovanni in Laterano was the principal church in Rome. Under a Gothic canopy, in the centre of the Transept, a number of relics are kept, among which are said to be the heads of Saints Peter and Paul. This church was undergoing some cleaning or restoration, and part of it was boarded off. The Cloisters are beautiful; there is a little garden of roses, surrounded by fairy-like twisted and inlaid columns. The Baptistery on the plaza near this church has been used as a model for all buildings of this kind since 440 A. D. Think of it! A little Roman was baptized while we were there.



Near the Lateran is the edifice which contains the Santa Scala, or Holy Stairs, a flight of twenty-eight marble steps which were brought from the palace of Pilate at Jerusalem, and which tradition says our Lord ascended. They were brought to Rome by the Empress Helena about the year 326. They are now covered over with boards, and the faithful ascend on



RUINS OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

their knees, saying a prayer on each step. After luncheon we drove over to the Regio Palazzo Quirinali as we had a permit to see the royal apartments. The palace is so unpretentious outside, that it is hard to realize that the Kings of Italy have made it their home for the last twenty-five years. Only a small part of the palace is open to visitors. The reception rooms, which are shown, are very rich. On leaving the palace

we drove out of the city, past the Colosseum, through the Arch of Constantine and along the Appian Way to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, stopping on the way to visit the ruins of the Baths of Coracalla.

I was amazed at their extent. Walls of immense thickness, great halls open to the sky, arched passages, mosaic pavements, and fragments of sculptured pillars still remain. Sixteen hundred people could be accommodated at one time. They did not do things on a small scale in those days!

The drive to the Catacombs is quite long. I had been looking forward to a drive in the country, and was much disappointed to find that a high stone wall, all the way on each side, cut off the view entirely. We alighted at a little gate in the wall. Inside, a broad walk leads away across the fields to a flower garden and a group of little stone houses. In the first one a monk was selling tickets of admission to the Catacombs. We decided that we would all go down, even Buddie. I was a little bit frightened, for I had heard harrowing tales of people who had been lost in the gloomy depths, but nothing could have made me confess it. Another monk joined us as guide, and gave each one of us a candle the size of a lead pencil; these were all lighted, a sight at which Buddie's eyes grew large. Then we started for the next little stone house, which turned out to be only a roof over a descending stairway, down which we crept and then along a passage-way hewn in the solid rock. Niches which had once been tombs honeycombed the rocks on either side. Here and there were chambers of considerable size, containing stone coffins. The floors in the passage-way were very uneven, and there were dark galleries

branching out on every hand; our candles made tiny spots of light in the intense darkness. This Catacomb has four galleries, one above another, but we descended only as far as the second. The monk's tales of the martyrs, recited in those black tombs, shook us with vivid realization of the suffering of the early Christians. So many were killed; in one niche, a whole family of seven persons had been found. The monk also showed us the spot where the first bishop was laid. All the niches are empty now. Buddie scorched his hair with his candle, and after he had been put to bed that night was heard telling his horse all about it. That horse goes to bed with him every night, and is becoming a most highly educated beast. His little master tells him every night all about what he has seen during the day.

We drove along the Appian Way as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella, that huge circular structure with which we are all familiar from the numerous photographs. Then, as the sun had set and dusk was gathering, we turned back, for we had been warned not to stay outside the walls of the city after dark.

Another morning came, and was devoted to the Vatican Gallery and Raphael's Stanzo and Logge. In the first named there is not a great collection of pictures, but they are some of the most precious in the world. They are arranged in several rather small rooms, and among them are Raphael's glorious Transfiguration and his Madonna da Foligno.

The Logge is a gallery, formerly open to the weather, but now enclosed with glass. The ceiling is divided into thirteen sections on which are painted scenes from the Bible. This is known as "Raphael's

Bible". Further on are the series of rooms called Raphael's Stanze, once used as state apartments by the Popes. The frescoes in these rooms have the reputation of being the best of that master's work, and deal with events in the lives of various Popes. After this we spent a never-to-be-forgotten hour in the Sistine Chapel. On our last afternoon in Rome we went to the Church of the Cappuccini. In the basement of this church are the burial vaults of the Capuchins. Unlike most of these vaults, this is above ground, and is a long gallery, clearly lighted by a row of large grated windows along one side. The floor of this gallery is of earth brought from Jerusalem, — a burial place not only consecrated but holy. But in this limited space there is not room for the bodies of all who have lived and died in the monastery alone, and so each new body is given the place of the one longest buried. Some monks of a long past generation conceived the idea of using these deposed skeletons as decorations for the room, a grotesque and horrible fantasy which has been carried on until the place now has the appearance of having been built up of human skulls and bones geometrically laid. Altar, chandeliers, the walls which mark off the burial alcoves, the arched entrance to the recesses, all are built up of human bones bound together by cement. In skull-lined niches stand the brown-robed and hooded skeletons of those who have been noted men in the order. The monks seem to rejoice that they shall some day rest here; but to us the place was so dismal and so unnerving that we hurried out to the cheerful shops and diverted our minds by tumbling over the soft, rich-colored Roman sashes; and after that a tea with

an American friend and a visit to Crandon Hall, the Methodist College for women, drove away the last traces of gloom. At Crandon Hall, we all shook hands with the granddaughter of Garibaldi. She is one of the teachers there.

## V

The Continental Hotel, Cairo.

ROME was just waking up to a new day when the "Familiae Brown", as the Italians at the hotels call us, drove through the city to take the eight o'clock train for Brindisi. There was consternation in our omnibus; somebody had lost a ticket, and a wild search through pockets and handbags was carried on to no purpose. A telephone from the station to the hotel brought the answer: Yes, something had been found; and, after expectant waiting, a smiling boy on a bicycle brought triumphantly forth from his pockets — a pair of old slippers! And thus we left Rome.

The trip we had planned to the Holy Land had to be given up. There is perpetual quarantine between Port Said and Jaffa, two days' delay at each place. That would make us miss the China, on which our passage for Colombo had been taken long ago. It might be months before we could secure berths again for our whole party, and we had no desire to sojourn long in Port Said. There are no places of interest to us there; it is only a sort of half-way station for travellers who come in on one steamer and leave on the next. The streets are full of hurrying people; not such a crowd as one sees elsewhere, — all natives except for a few English tourists. Here there are twenty nationalities, and there are men on business, shippers and traders and agents, as well as mere pleasure seekers. It is

amusing to read the signs along the street, — French, Portuguese, Dutch, — many in strange letters that we could not even guess at. Funniest of all was the nice division of honors on the street cars; "Tramway de Port Said" they were labelled.

The train ride of four and a half hours from Port Said to Cairo was delightful, in spite of the fine sand



PORT SAID

that blew in at the windows and covered everything. For more than an hour the Suez Canal was in sight; then we ran along beside wide fields of corn or cotton, and as we ate our luncheon in the comfortable dining car we looked out on life which must have been much the same in Old Testament days, the fellaheen plowing or digging their fields by hand, and blindfolded cattle working the windlass that drew water from the wells.



Between the fields and the train was a wide irrigating ditch, in which thick patches of lotus grew. On the other side of the ditch a road was raised high above the fields. Along this road flowed a continuous stream of life, — camels, donkeys, people on foot or riding, children playing, my lord riding a loaded camel, my lady trudging at his side. It was the time of the great Mohammedan holiday, the feast of Ramadan. Cairo was the centre of attraction; and at every station crowds struggled to get on board.

The Continental is one of the largest of the Cairo hotels, and as this is the height of the season, one might almost fancy oneself in England, if it were not for the Arab and French servants. Cairo is a fascinating place. It would be long before I should tire of watching the life on the streets. Arabs, in long flowing robes, Jews, Mohammedans, tall black men from the Soudan, English soldiers, officers, English ladies, donkeys, tram cars, and handsome carriages all mingle in confusion. New Cairo has beautiful, wide, shady streets, and handsome buildings; but old Cairo is even more interesting, with its narrow streets swarming with life, its tall houses with their dungeon-like rooms opening directly onto the street, and their upper floors of coarse lattice work, through which dark eyes shine, its bazaars with their rugs and oriental curios, and the people themselves, — here a water-carrier with his goatskin full of water, there a swarthy man in a huge green turban, and there again some Bedouins in flowing bernouses. The street is a moving mass of color. It is comical to see men in long white robes riding on donkeys so small that the man's feet almost touch the ground. Then there are scores of two-wheeled donkey



carts, on which are squatting a half dozen black-robed women, with black veils fastened to their noses by a gold spiral. Beside the donkey walks the master of the harem.

We saw the spot where Moses is supposed to have been found, and a house built where Mary and Joseph



A VEILED MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN

with the infant Jesus are said to have rested on their flight into Egypt. We have also been to the Mosque Sultan Hassan, a colossal building, but in a ruinous condition. Workmen were there restoring it, and they showed us a wonderful door of bronze and silver. This Mosque is not far from the Citadel, to which we proceeded next, going through the gateway and up

the steep and narrow road which was the scene of the massacre of the Marmeluke Beys. There is a glorious view from a corner of the fortifications. The Alabaster Mosque is within these walls, and while the rest went in, Buddie and I sat in the carriage and had the amusement of watching people take off and put on their shoes as they went in or came out. When the rest came back, we took our turn, Buddie in his stocking feet, and I with a huge pair of yellow slippers tied on over my shoes. This Mosque is the burial place of Mehemet Ali, the Sultan who ordered the massacre of the Marmelukes.

Most wonderful of all, we have seen the Pyramids. I can hardly realize that it is not a dream. We drove across the city to the electric tramway, which starts from the other side of the Kisér-en-Nil bridge, and were soon spinning away along a fine, broad, well-kept road, on one side shaded by large trees, and on the other side flanked by a high stone wall, behind which we had an occasional peep at a stuccoed villa in its garden, or at wide areas of land under water. Father Nile is doing well for the country this year. All the while the distant Pyramids lured us on. These are known as the Pyramids of Ghizeh. At the end of the car line, a crowd of Egyptians with camels and donkeys were in waiting, and our guide soon had us all mounted on camels with a boy to lead each beast. I had a nice, clean, intelligent-looking boy, but I approached the camel allotted me with some trepidation. It was sitting on the ground and turned a kindly eye on me as I came up; all there was for me to do was to arrange myself in the saddle. My boy looked at me encouragingly, showed me the proper way to hold on,

by grasping the horn of the saddle in front with one hand, and that in the rear with the other. So far all went well, then came the surprise of my life, — a terrible earthquake began as my beast untangled his front legs, and then as I still stuck on, though much on the bias, another earthquake behind followed and there I was away up in the air, with my mount standing on all four feet. Once moving, it was perfectly delightful. No queen upon her throne could have been happier than I as I rode up the hillside, enjoying the gentle motion, and the beautiful view that unrolled itself as we went along. We did not stop at the Pyramid on the top of the hill, but went on, descending on the other side into the hollow in which the Sphinx lies. The figure has been so mutilated that it has lost much of the impassive character it must have had. Near by is the Temple of the Sphinx, nearly covered by the drifting sand, — a wonderful place built of huge blocks of granite four or five feet thick and five or six feet long. I wonder how those immense blocks of stone were brought to the desert. They are not joined squarely, but with the corners hewn from the stone. One of the chambers was lined with huge blocks of rough alabaster.

Riding around the Great Pyramid one is impressed by its immensity. It is said to cover thirteen acres of ground. Mr. Brown, with a retinue of Egyptians to push and pull him, began the ascent. The rest of us, content to allow him all the glory, turned our faces cityward, stopping off the tramway, when half way there, to visit the Zoological Garden. Then Buddie was happy! Such a beautiful garden it was, too, with its luxuriance of flowers, huge hibiscus, canna six feet

high, roses and jessamine, its wonderful grottoes, its walks paved with mosaic of pebbles of different colors. But most interesting of all, to me, was the crowd of holiday makers, little girls in gay ruffled dresses, black-clad women with veils across the lower part of the face, — does that spiral fastening the veil to the nose hurt, I wonder, — men and boys attired in red fez, red slippers, and an European coat over a flannel or calico "Mother Hubbard" that came down to the ankles. Yesterday we took the trip to Sakhara. I had breakfast very early in order to have time to go and buy a straw outing hat before starting. There were several French milliners near the hotel, but all their attendants were Orientals. Perhaps Madame had not yet risen, anyway I had an interesting time trying to make my wants understood. They insisted on showing me their most elaborate creations, but persistence, plain English, and some French not so plain, finally won the day, and I hurried back to the hotel much elated. The express train for Bedrasheen leaves Cairo at half past nine, and it is a ride of an hour. We left the train at a little station full of natives, and, as the donkeys for which our guide had arranged were waiting, we were soon mounted and cantering away. Bedrasheen itself is on the bank of a little river, and is a typical native village of low mud houses, whose inhabitants were pursuing their various occupations in the narrow street. They eyed us with great curiosity as we passed. To add to the interest, a train of loaded camels came around a corner; the inhabitants already on the ground paid no attention to requests to move, and as the camels stayed not for man or beast, we had almost to climb the walls, donkeys and all, to

get out of the way. Once clear of the village the road lay along a high bank, looking down on flooded fields on either hand, where men were at work in the thick black mud. One could but marvel at their exceeding patience, digging over those wide fields by hand. After half an hour of riding along this high bank, which wound, serpent-wise, across the fields, we came to more level ground dotted with scattered palm trees. Two colossal statues of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Israelites, are in this grove. We came first to the smaller statue, standing free and unwatched in the open air. A little farther on is the other, which has been covered by a high wooden shed in order that an admission fee may be charged. It reminded me of a ponderous side show left stranded by some circus. An undignified idea, wasn't it? But it was still more like one inside, where a stairway led up to a bridge from which we looked down at the great statue flat on the ground. After leaving the little grove, our path lay through the ruins of Memphis, one of the oldest cities in the world. The prophecy of Jeremiah that Memphis should become a desert has been fulfilled. Almost nothing remains of the city. After leaving Memphis we soon came to high sand hills, and rode through the desolate sand, up and on in the burning sun, until we came to a deep cut in the hill, walled with masonry on either side. This was the entrance to the Tomb of Mera, who was, according to the guide book, an Egyptian official of rank, about 3000 B. C. Its chambers are richly decorated with paintings and bas-reliefs recording the various interests and occupations of the dead Mera. In one painting Mera is playing chess, — chess three thousand years before Christ!

One can trace the whole life of the ancient Egyptians here, eating, fighting, holding a lotus flower. In some places Mera is colossal, surrounded by smaller figures,



ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS

a naive way of pointing out the difference between him and his subordinates.

Mounting again, we rode on to the Tomb of priest Thi, which is almost covered with sand; the excavation

to the entrance, like that to the Tomb of Mera, is banked up with masonry to hold back the drifting sand. Inside, also, this tomb resembles that of Mera, but it is more elaborate, and the colors of the paintings are wonderfully vivid, while those in Mera's tomb are rather dull. Another ride over the drifted sand, and we came to the excavation before the entrance to the Serapeum, where the mummies of the sacred bulls were buried. Inside there is a high, wide gallery, with rocky walls. Our guide was provided with candles and a torch, which shed a feeble light on the intense darkness; and we stumbled over the uneven floors and through long dark galleries, until we came to the series of chambers, on either side of a gallery, in which the mummies were found. There are over twenty of these chambers, each containing a huge stone sarcophagus about fourteen feet long and ten feet high. In one of the chambers a ladder had been placed at the side of the coffin, and its cover had been moved back. One by one, we climbed the ladder, to look down on — emptiness. This mausoleum was discovered by Mariette, the celebrated Egyptologist, in 1860, and the stone coffins are said to weigh sixty-five tons each. What wonderful skill and resourcefulness those ancient Egyptians had! The guide told me that when Mariette first entered one of these tombs he found in the sand that covered the floor, the footprints of the workmen who, thirty-seven hundred years before, had laid the mummy in its tomb and closed the tomb, — never, they thought, to be opened.

We ate our luncheon in the lonely little house in the desert, once used by Mariette. It was a rude little place, stable and rest-house all under one roof. On



dismounting from our donkeys, we walked into a large room, open on three sides, and furnished with long wooden tables and benches. This was already pretty well filled with tourists. Our guide captured the first empty table, and was soon arranging linen, china and silver from the lunch crates he had brought from the Continental Hotel. It was a nice luncheon, and our strenuous morning had prepared us to do it full justice. I was very anxious to get some pictures of our party on the donkeys, but our guide would not stop for anything; he hustled us on to our donkeys and started the cavalcade as soon as we finished eating. I wish you could have seen our procession! There were the six of us on donkeys, and the guide on another, a man to run beside and belabor each beast, two more men to carry the crates of luncheon, another man to carry my twine bag. It was a wonder that no more men had insisted on going with us. We made the return journey by a shorter and easier way, and passed the Step Pyramid, supposed to be the oldest historic building in the world. When we reached the road again, our donkey boys whipped up our beasts to the best of their speed, and as they evidently knew they were on the home stretch they were willing to go. We bumped and pounded along. It was great fun, and I am sure that for people who had never been donkey riding before, we did remarkably well. Bedra-shen station was reached about fifteen minutes before our train was due, and on the homeward ride we had beautiful views of the sunset on the Nile and the Pyramids. At one place, when the train stopped, I saw a Mohammedan saying his prayers while waiting for his train. He spread out a bit of carpet, and, lay-



ing his bundle and staff down beside it, knelt there in the midst of the crowd. His train coming as he was in the midst of his devotions, he gathered up bundle, staff and carpet and made a wild leap aboard.

They tell me it is most interesting to hear the various languages, English, French, Arabic, Russian and Soudanese being spoken around us all the time.



IN EGYPT. — ON THE WAY TO SAKHARA

The Egyptian money is more difficult to understand than any I ever saw before. I do not know what would have become of me if I had not had a card given me at Port Said with pictures of the various coins, the exact size of the real article. These cards have helped me through many a difficulty. We have a guide who goes everywhere with us, but I have been out shopping alone twice in the region near the hotel.

I bought postal cards yesterday at a tiny shop near by; the boy was very intelligent, I had my coin card with me, and by its means we got on nicely over the money.

This morning every one except me went to church. The service was all in Arabic, they say. Down the middle of the church ran a red curtain, dividing it into two parts. On one side of this curtain sat the men, on the other side the women. Quite an improvement on Quaker fashion, isn't it? One can't even look across the aisle.

## VI

P. and O. S. S. China, in the Indian Ocean.

**B**EFORE we land in Colombo, I want to tell you about the rest of our time in Egypt, and about our voyage.

We had to rise betimes that last morning of our stay in Cairo. On account of the fête of Ramadan, the world-famed Museum had been closed ever since our arrival, and it was to reopen that morning. After we had wrestled with the Turkish money in paying our hotel bills, and prepared everything for our departure, we set out for the Museum. The fact that its official catalogue fills ten volumes will give you an idea of its size, consequently we tried to see the part of the collection most interesting to us, the mummies of the Pharaohs and of the sacred bulls whose tombs we had invaded at Sakhara. It was hard to realize that we were actually gazing on the features of the Pharaohs of the Oppression and of the Exodus. There is no hint of the mightiness and glory of the Egyptians in these shrivelled, soulless bodies, stacked and labelled for coolly interested inspection. It was getting dark when we got out of our rowboats at the China's gangway, and ascended to her crowded, brilliantly-lighted decks. My roommate is a jolly young English lady en route from London to join her husband at Bangkok. Our room is large and well situated, but not as conveniently arranged as the one I had on the Irene; there are no wardrobes, so we have a great time

pulling our trunks out from under the berths whenever we want anything, and then pushing them back again. Luckily for us, we have an upper deck room, so the heat has not been unbearable but our friends whose rooms are on the lower deck have suffered all the way. There are only ten of us Americans in the first cabin.

The dining saloon is really a very pretty sight. The English ladies all wear such beautiful dresses and jewels. The China plies between London, Australia and New Zealand, so it is a long journey for some of these people. I had my introduction to the punkah the first evening at dinner. It is a long board done up in a ruffled case, and, by an arrangement of ropes, it is kept in motion by a boy outside the door; the cooling breeze it makes is most welcome.

The steamer waited at Port Said until afternoon for the arrival of the *Osiris* with the mails, and all morning the decks looked like an Oriental bazaar, for the people from shore were allowed to bring their wares on board and there was such an array of jewelry, laces, embroidery, glittering silver-wrought shawls, and postal cards spread out on the deck, that we had to move carefully not to step on something. Over the side, boys were diving for pennies, and boats with serenaders surrounded us. About two o'clock the decks were cleared, and we began to move. It took us all night to go through the Canal, though it is only a hundred miles long. The man who knows everything told us it costs \$10,000 to get a ship the size of the *China* through, and that it was not De Lesseps, but an Englishman named Waghorn who conceived the idea of that canal, but as he died some years before

the work was begun, De Lesseps had all the glory. About nine o'clock we came to a stop, and had a long wait while a number of war vessels passed us. They came out of the darkness into the glare of our search-light, and faded into the darkness again, like phantoms. There was not a soul visible on their decks.

When I woke in the morning we had stopped at Suez, in the Red Sea, at the end of the canal. What we could see of the town from the ship was alluring, but the stop was not long enough to allow going ashore. I think the Red Sea must have taken its name from the beautiful coloring of the low mountain ranges that border its shores, for its waters are a bright sapphire blue. The only sign of life anywhere was at the Wells of Moses. The hills around there are sandy, and a little fringe of trees marks the fountains or wells. This is the spot where tradition places the crossing of the Children of Israel.

We reached Aden at six o'clock in the evening. A few minutes later the moon rose. We could see only the silvery ripple of the water, the dim harbor outlines, and the dark mountains on the shore, dotted with twinkling lights.

The Bombay steamer was at anchor near us, and a hundred and twenty of our passengers were transferred to her. The guide-book speaks of this transshipment as being very unpleasant; but it certainly did not look so at this time, for when the tender sailed away from us, full of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, it seemed as if they were merely going over for a dance. I was greatly interested in watching the unloading of the cargo. Huge baskets filled with long whitish blocks were being raised from the hold

and carefully lowered over the side. Below were several huge flat-bottomed boats, in which some half dozen bushy-headed natives, simply attired in bracelets, were dancing, and at intervals glancing up at the descending baskets. When the baskets came within reach, they would pause in their dance long enough to seize them, take out the blocks, and lay them in rows that glistened in the moonlight. We questioned a passing officer. "Bar silver from America", he answered. Further along more black men, in a row-boat, were doing a brisk trade in gaily-colored grass baskets, which were being drawn up to our deck by a rope, the money being lowered in another basket. Other natives had invaded the deck, and were selling ostrich feathers and fans. How they had managed to climb the towering side with their fragile burden was something I could not understand. Altogether the three hours of our stay at Aden were full of excitement and interest.

This ship has almost no motion and the heat has increased with each day. The steward put a big metal funnel, shaped like a flour-scoop, into our porthole. It is splendid at catching the breezes and bringing them into the room, and it is also good at bringing in the water, as we found the other night. The China must have gone into a swell, for about two o'clock, when we were all sleeping soundly, I was awakened by a splash of water on my face. I sat up with a start. But before I realized what had happened, the little English woman had switched on the light, pulled out the funnel, and closed the port hole. Water dripped from the ceiling, and everything was wet. We camped out the best way we could until morning, when we

found that little damage had been done, except that a pretty lace hat that was hanging on the wall was streaked with rust.

There is a very lively set in this cabin. They have "sports" on the deck every afternoon, and dancing every evening, when there is not a concert or a ball. The Fancy-dress Ball the other night was a very pretty affair, and the beauty and variety of the costumes shown would have done credit to any occasion. My roommate has a young nephew, seventeen or eighteen, whom she dressed up as a baby in a white frock, a lace cap which I made, a blue sash and blue shoulder knots. The boy, who has pink cheeks and infantile blue eyes, looked so "cute" that the judges could not resist awarding him a prize. These English people are never still; they are not happy unless they are doing something, and doing it with all their might, too. It seems to me too hot for any exertion, but they are having cricket on deck now, with a net around them to keep the balls from going overboard or doing execution among us. Every day they have a tug of war, and races of all kinds; and the women join heartily in everything.

We have just passed the Maldivé Islands, and, pointing upward, like a slender white finger, from a sandy streak in the blue water, is the light-house they call the "Light of Asia." Tomorrow we shall land in Colombo.

## VII

Madras.

THERE was such excitement on board, on our last day on the China. Stewards were packing deck chairs and piling them up on the deck, until, before noon, there was hardly a seat to be found. Down below, other stewards were taking the baggage from the rooms and heaping it in the passage-way. Passengers were rushing hither and thither, restoring borrowed traps, collecting their belongings, saying the last vital things which could not be left unsaid; even those who were not going to land caught the fever, and tore about on a thousand inspired errands. It grew hotter and hotter. Early in the afternoon we sailed into the harbor, and the anchor was lowered. Then arose a turmoil compared with which the morning's excitement seemed peace. The gangway had hardly been let down before the crowded decks were invaded by a fresh swarm from the shore, health-officers, runners from the different hotels, curio dealers, tea planters come to meet their wives and families, young fellows to meet their sweethearts. It looked so hot on the water that we told the man from the Bristol Hotel we would wait until his launch made its second trip, so that by the time we left the ship, it was nearly deserted; everybody had gone off to stay over night for the China ball at the Galle Face Hotel. By the time we landed, darkness had fallen. The Bristol is close to the quay, and I turned from the



sweet-scented night into its wide halls, with arcade open to the street, where all sorts of fascinating things were for sale and bright-faced, quaintly-dressed Cingalese begged us to "Come buy".

Then we mounted the stairs to our large cool rooms, furnished with electric fans, rugs that I coveted, and white beds, shrouded in mosquito netting. The arched



IN COLOMBO

windows, guiltless of glass, looked out on green tree-tops, and down on an electric street car line and a score of "jinrickisha boys", their satin-like brown skin shining in the lamp light.

It is at Colombo that the witchery of the East takes hold upon one. Already I am planning to come again, if possible. There is a "pull" about the place that is irresistible. It is embowered in green trees and

shrubs, with fragrant flowers everywhere; the roads are fine and hard, the streets are lighted with gas, but most bewitching of all are the people. They are so quaint as to clothes, or lack of them, so bright-eyed and smiling. Men and women alike wear their beautiful silky hair long, and do it up in a knot at the back,



STREET SCENE IN COLOMBO

with a curious round comb around the top of the head. All of them are handsome.

I found it difficult to get accustomed to the swarm of servants at the hotel. Squatted on the hall floor outside each door were two men draped round about with yards and yards of white stuff. They are always ready to bounce in, at any instant. Hitherto, England has been always with us, but here I realize that I am



ROAD TO MOUNT LAVINIA, COLOMBO

in the East. I had a beautiful drive to Mount Lavinia, where there is a pretty little hotel on the seashore, in the midst of palms and flowers. The way lay through Victoria Park, once the Cinnamon Gardens, and then through a suburb of thatched cottages, surrounded by tropical growth. The road swarmed with life, slow-



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY TOOTH.  
KANDY, CEYLON

moving bullock-carts, jinrickishas, women on foot with fat brown babies astride their hips. Such a gay, bright-eyed, lightly-clad people. The women and little naked children in the doorways waved their hands and called out "Salaam!" I never saw so many pretty children. Little boys, dressed in a string of beads around the waist, and bracelets on arms and ankles, ran long distances beside our carriage begging. Most

of them seemed to do it more for the fun of it than anything else. Molly said one of them called to me over and over again, "Be my good mother and give me money!" Another one said, "God bless you, lady, give me money!" This seemed to be the extent of their English.

Another day was spent in an excursion to Kandy. We left Colombo at half past seven, and for more than four hours the train carried us through a luxuriant tangle of green, climbing heights from which we looked down on wide stretches of terraced rice fields, — a land of strange and interesting things. We had breakfast in the dining car, and, later, at the toy stations, embowered in flowers, where they sold strange fruit, we bought cocoanuts, from which the seller deftly cut a portion of the top, showing the interior full of milk. To drink from the nut without pouring the contents all over oneself was an art that had to be acquired.

Picturesque Kandy nestles in a hollow around a gem-like lake, and is as dear to Buddhists as Jerusalem to Christians and Mecca to the Mohammedans; for this is where the treasured relic, Buddha's tooth is kept, shrined on a lotus flower of purest gold, under seven bell-shaped shrines, each one more richly jewelled and ornamented than the last, the whole within a richly carved temple.

The time for departure came all too soon, and the ride back in the heat of the afternoon was warm and tedious; but the jinrickisha ride from the station to the hotel was pure delight. After dinner three of us grew homesick, and went over to the cable office near by to send word of inquiry home. The answer to mine



was brought me as I was leaving my room at half past eight the next morning. From Colombo to New York and back inside of twelve hours! What a little old world it is after all!

That last day at Colombo was a busy one. I went out shopping all by myself that morning, having the hotel door-keeper engage a jinrickisha for me, and instruct my man where to go. A native, running along



THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY TOOTH.—KANDY, CEYLON

beside my conveyance, attached himself to me, and proved useful as a guide. It was great fun, for the two men, the man who pulled the carriage and the guide, were so bright that though none of us understood a word that was said they knew what I wanted at once. For instance, when I pretended to wind up my kodak, they instantly started off and in five minutes I was put down at a photographer's, where I found the films I wanted. Matches and alcohol for my

lamp were a little more difficult to find, but were also obtained.

Cingalese currency is not at all difficult to understand; and in the stores the salesmen obligingly tell one the amount in English money, with which most people are more or less familiar.

Late in the afternoon of our last day at Colombo, we went down to the wharf to go out to the Pundua,



A CATAMARAN. — COLOMBO

which could be seen at some distance out in the harbor. There was no tender, and the only way to reach her was by rowboat. The waves ran high, threatening to swamp our little boat; and the four natives, with their queer spoon-shaped oars, seemed unable to make any headway. The boat bobbed up and down until we were nearly seasick; then at last we came near the steamer, only to be swept away again. One by one we had to jump for the gangway as the boat was la-

boriously brought into position. We had to be quick about it, too, before it was swept away again. It was a thrilling time. One man had his little boy, who had been very ill, on a pillow in his arms, as he made the leap. I thought of you all at home, with a big lump in my throat; and oh, how thankful I was when we were all safe on board. The boat pitched about so dreadfully all night that there was not much sleep for us; but towards morning we got into smoother water, and anchored off Tuticorin about seven o'clock. We were taken ashore in a steam launch which lurched so much that, during most of the half hour's ride, our chairs were sliding back and forth and we were clutching desperately at anything and everything that came in our way. Our entry into India was scarcely what rosy dreams had pictured, — a scramble from launch to wharf, and a walk down the long pier to the land, where a picket fence kept us from straying, and held back begging natives. There was no beauty in the landscape. We saw just a flat sandy plain, a waiting train, two little plastered houses, some English Customs inspectors and an army of sad-eyed natives. A procession of natives followed us up the pier, each man laden with trunks and bags; they carried everything on their heads, even the heaviest of the trunks. At the feet of the inspectors the luggage was all dumped on the sand, in the burning sun. Suit-cases and handbags were opened; each trunk had to be weighed. It was a long time before all the steamer passengers were dismissed to the patient train. Our carriage, being first-class, proved very comfortable; along each side of the compartment ran a long, wide, thickly cushioned leather seat. The car was entered from the



side, and at one end was a little dressing room, at the other a window opened into a "Servants' Compartment". From Tuticorin to Madras is an all-day and all-night ride. The country was at first very flat and well cultivated, but as the day wore on it became wilder and mountainous. Dinner was served in the station dining room at Trichinopoly Junction, the train waiting meanwhile.

As night came on we began to feel lonely; the Browns had been left at Kandy, and all at once it seemed to come to us that we were four women far from home, and that our little compartment was bare and comfortless. There was no glitter of mirrors and gilding, no soft plush cushions, no lordly brown porter to unearth a hidden store of sheets, pillows and warm blankets, as in our luxurious "Overland" trains. The train sped on through the dark; but as no one appeared to do anything for us, we climbed up to investigate the straps that held the two upper berths to the ceiling, found they were not difficult to manage, and made up our beds with our store of wadded quilts, purchased at Colombo, steamer rugs, and pillows. Morning broke dark and rainy, and the tea basket the Grays had bought in Colombo was opened and we grew cheerful over its contents. Madras was reached at eight o'clock in a pouring rain which continued the whole time of our stay. We were met by some American residents, and by an army of coolies who fairly fought over our baggage. It seemed as if we should never get it all sorted out and labelled, as was necessary to show that we had passed the customs at Tuticorin. At last all that was over, and we four squeezed into one of the smallest cabs I ever saw,

drawn by one of those miserable little horses that seem to be a specialty of Madras.

Our friends took us first of all to see a Christian native wedding, where the bride, dressed in white and barefoot, was attended by a score of pretty little girls, as demure as possible, all barefooted, like the bride, and dressed alike in full white skirts and turkey-red jackets. As soon as the ceremony was over, our friends took us to the Young Women's Christian Association, where they had engaged rooms for us. This was an attractive building in the midst of extensive walled grounds of its own. Our rooms were very pleasant and nicely furnished. A pretty native girl brought us tea. The cement floors of our rooms had "just been washed", she said, and, my dear, those floors were still as wet as ever when we left Madras the next day, driven away by the weather. If one day of the monsoon is like that, how intolerable months of it must be! We had to wear our rubbers all the time we were in the rooms, and all the brass work, locks, and buckles on our baggage became tarnished or rusty at once. Gloves and shoes had the uncomfortable feeling of wet leather. Our one day in Madras we spent trying to direct the stupidest driver I ever saw. A gharry was called to take us to visit the School of Art. The driver misunderstood, and took us to the School of Music; so it was some time before we got around to the right place. But when we did find it we were well repaid for our trouble. It was so interesting to see the boys at work modelling in plaster, doing wood-carving, engraving on brass and making designs. Some of them were making very beautiful and perfect drawings of an exquisite repoussé brass dish with

cover. From the School we went to the Moore Market, a huge red brick building, where provisions, fruit, dry goods, and millinery were all displayed in little stalls. We had been told before we left the house that we would be taking our lives in our hands if we did not purchase toupees (pitch hats) at once, so we went to the market for them. Think of it! They are hard, heavy, ugly things that wobble around on our heads; however, anything is better than having a sunstroke.

We wanted to see the Cathedral and the Museum; but the man was so stupid we could do nothing with him, and after driving around in purposeless fashion for an hour or so, in the vain hope that a ray of light would dawn upon him, we gave it up and went home, deciding on the way to leave for Bangalore the next evening. So my memories of Madras will be — wet roads, dripping trees, and long stretches of stuccoed garden walls of a uniform discolored and mouldy yellow, all seen from the front seat of a gharry.

## VIII

The Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay.

I HAD just time to seal up my letter at Madras, when they called me to leave for the train. We travelled second-class this time; the only difference in the car is that instead of four berths, there are



OUR TRUNKS BEING LOADED. — BANGALORE

five; and one can have more luggage on a first-class ticket than on a second-class. It was six o'clock, and still quite dark, when our train came to a stop at Bangalore station. Not knowing that we were so near our destination, we were just about to make some tea,

and had to throw away the hot water and hurry out on the platform. The hand of a good Samaritan stretched forth from the chill darkness; a kind missionary gathered up our belongings, and, stowing us in a gharry, sent us to the Girls' High School, a boarding school, where, as it was vacation time, they could



THE HOUSE WHERE WE STAYED WHEN AT BANGALORE

give us rooms and board. It was here that we began having meals at Indian hours, —chota hazari or little breakfast, of toast and tea, at seven o'clock, breakfast at eleven, tiffin at three, dinner at seven. We began to get acquainted with curry, too. It was served on everything. We ate gingerly at first, but after a little practice we could swallow whole mouthfuls without a tear. I was taken to see the school's kitchen, which was in a little house by itself, as Indian kitchens

always are. There was no stove and no chimney, nothing but a sort of range built up of mud, like a large square box with holes in the top. The fire is made inside this box. It is past my understanding how the cooks can turn out such excellent food, and that so promptly.

Bangalore is a summer resort, three thousand feet



IN THE LAL BAGH, — BANGALORE

above the sea level. They call it the Garden of Southern India. The city has a beautiful park with a small menagerie, fine public buildings, excellent roads, and good English shops that are like our department stores on a small scale, with drugs, stationery, and canned goods, — everything seems to be canned here. For dry goods, one must go to the native bazaar. Some of these shops are beautifully arranged. After



a couple of days spent in resting and trying to get ourselves accustomed to this strange land, we started for Hyderabad. The road to the station was gay with banners, and lined with native cavalry; the station itself was screened with canvas and decorated with potted plants and beautiful rugs. The native prince was expected; but, to my disappointment, he did not arrive before our train left.



WOMEN BESIDE THE ROAD. — BANGALORE

India is a land of magnificent distances. We were twenty-four hours on the way to Hyderabad. At six o'clock in the morning we had to change cars, and again at one o'clock. At the station they sell meal tickets which are, except for color, exactly the same as the railway tickets, and one evening, when the light was dim, I gave up the wrong ticket. They followed

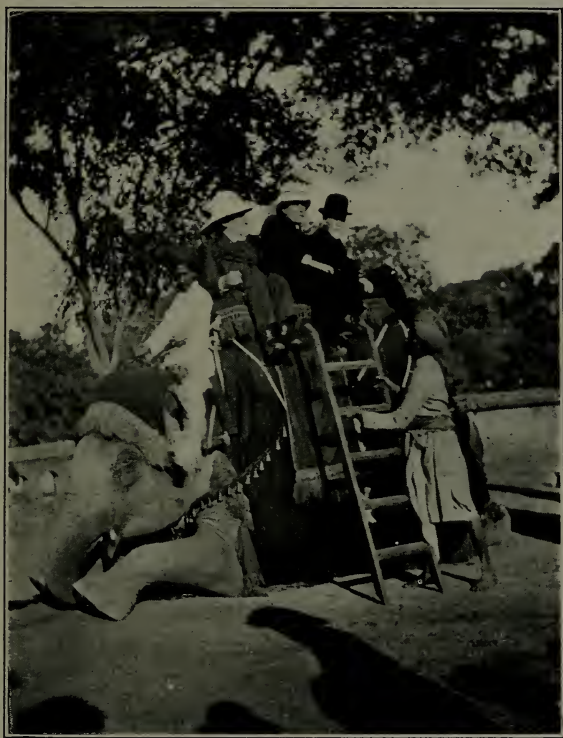
me to the train and explanations under difficulties followed. The native manager of the dining-room, being a person of sour disposition, was unkind enough to think I would cheat him even after he received his meal ticket. It took a good deal of persuasion to get him to give up my train ticket. He was so unpleasant that I was overjoyed when our train moved away and I saw the last of him.

At Hyderabad we met with that Indian institution, the string bed. It is a simple frame work of poles, across which is stretched a closely-woven netting of coarse twine, which, about a foot from the frame at the lower end, narrows to a twisted rope. It looks like a hammock cut in two crosswise and laid on a frame which in turn is supported by four legs. One sees string beds everywhere, in the bungalows, in the yards of the native houses, and sometimes on the streets. Those given us at Hyderabad were the ne plus ultra of string beds, made of broad strips of webbing woven on heavy frames. They are as comfortable as any spring bed. Though we were staying at a private house, and nearly half the bungalow had been given up to us, our rooms were furnished only with beds, dressing tables, and bathing apparatus; such things as bedding, towels, and soap, we were expected to supply ourselves, according to Indian custom.

Hyderabad is the capital of the territory of His Majesty the Nizam, and is quite a large place. We had some beautiful drives in the Public Pleasure-Ground, and to Secunderabad. The road to Secunderabad is quite a fashionable drive. The wide road, with its villas and gardens, was filled with elegant equipages and fine horses. Along the river the dhobies,



or washermen, were at work at large stone tanks. The ground near was covered with the clean garments spread out to dry; and as much of their washing was



BISHOPS FOSS, THOBURN AND OLDHAM

composed of the long strips of red cloth the women use for chuddahs, it looked very gay in the sunshine.

One day Bishop Oldham took Miss Gray and me out in one of the funny little two-wheeled carts they call

tongas. We got out in the crowded bazaar, to see the graves of the Nizams in the quadrangle of the Mecca Mosque, which was built in 1614 A. D., and is said closely to resemble the Mosque at Mecca. A small crowd followed us around, and there was great excitement when I attempted to step within the enclosure, for to enter it was an act of sacrilege. But we could see very well from the top of the steps, and our native convoy so far favored us as to give us roses from the garlands on the tombs. I did not know, then, that it was not so many years ago that it was unsafe for a foreigner to be within the native city without a guard of soldiers; and I was disappointed because I was not allowed to stroll about at will and investigate the contents of all the fascinating little booths. The Bishop pleaded lack of time, as we were going to the house of a Rajah or native prince of the Nizam's court. On driving into the court of the palace, we found it full of carriages and elephants. The stout elderly Rajah was standing at the head of the steps, receiving visitors. As refreshments, they brought us shallow red earthenware bowls filled with something that looked like whipped white of egg, and round cakes of thin pie crust, the size of a tea plate. The Rajah showed us how to break off pieces of the cake to use as spoons with which to eat the frothy meringue. Next came hot curry puffs, which we were to eat with our fingers. Two of the Rajah's children, a girl and boy of four and seven, gorgeously arrayed, appeared just then with their attendants. He greeted them very affectionately, taking the little girl's face between his hands and patting it. I was nibbling at my cake when the Bishop came up to me, and said, "You can

eat that as we walk along. We are to see the palace". So, having handed over the rest to one of the swarm of attendants, I made my adieux with half that cart wheel still in my hand, — I can imagine your horrified face as you read this! — and, with Miss Gray and the Bishop, followed the guide to whom the Rajah



INNER COURT IN HOUSE OF NATIVE PRINCE AT HYDERABAD

The Prince stands on the steps in the centre, with two of his children

committed us, through a series of low dark rooms and galleries furnished with shabby European furniture and photographs of native dignitaries in tarnished gilt frames. Our guide seemed to expect us to be overawed by the splendor! We went completely around the court. I fell behind, while at the opposite end, and had the luck to get a good photograph of the open

gallery in which we had been received, with the Rajah, his children and suite standing there.

We reached Bombay early this morning, after two nights and a day on the train. These long hours on the train are rather tedious. We four women are shut in one compartment together, and no railroad official is ever seen, except when we come to a stop at some



THE APOLLO BUNDER. — BOMBAY

station, when the door is unlocked and the ticket puncher appears. When we retire we must make up our own beds, as well as provide them; and it is always cold here at night, often below forty degrees, though it is hot in the middle of the day. The sides of the car seem to be full of cracks, through which the wind blows all night long. I am always glad when daylight comes.

Our train rolled into the station at Bombay at six o'clock in the morning, and it was an eerie drive through the deserted streets in the dim light of early day. Bombay is indeed a beautiful city, with its broad avenues and stately buildings. This hotel is one of the finest buildings in the place; the floors are of mosaic, and there are electric lights and every modern comfort. The house is directly on the harbor, and a stone's throw from the famous Apollo Bunder, the old landing-place. The three windows of our room look out on the bay, and I never tire of the changing scene there. The sunrise has been wonderful, — a picture I shall never forget. The Indian sun is somewhat lazy; and instead of beginning work at five, as our does, does not rise until seven o'clock. The purple hills, rising from the steel-gray water, with the flushing sky behind, make a gloriously colored picture; and against this glowing background the white-sailed yachts and magnificent ocean steamers come and go, or lie at anchor. There is nothing mean or shabby to be seen in this part of the harbor, even the rowboats glitter in fresh white paint, and instead of dirty wharves, there is a handsome stone sea wall.

They give us the best coffee here that we have had since leaving Italy. As for fruit, the banana is not as good as ours. There are very small ones, half as large as ours, that are good; but the large ones taste very rank to me. I have tried the mango and the custard apple, but what I like is the little Tangerine orange; they have the best here that I ever ate, — juicy and of delicious flavor.

I have been out shopping all by myself several times, and found it great fun. First, I made a list of the

stores, with the help of the guide book; then I had the clerk in the hotel office call a carriage and read the list to the driver for me, and on the return I had the same clerk settle with him for carriage hire.

We went out to the Towers of Silence, the Parsee burial place, yesterday, having our chota hazari at half past six so that we could start at seven, — for, you know, all Indian sight-seeing is done in the early morning. The drive around Back Bay through the Queen's Road and Malabar Hill Road is most beautiful. One passes English, Mohammedan and Hindu Cemeteries, and the quaint "Marine Lines" and "Church Gate" Stations, one of which has an elaborately carved front. The road up Malabar Hill is lined on both sides with villas and gardens, and there are beautiful views of the harbor, its islands, and the mountains beyond. We passed scores of Hindus coming from the temple of the Walkeshwar, or "Sand Lord", with their foreheads freshly colored. One of the most hideous things in India, to me, is seeing the throngs of people, men, women and children with the marks upon their foreheads. The red and white lines in the shape of a V, or red spots, denote that the person thus marked, is a worshipper of the god Vishnu, while horizontal white lines mark a follower of Siva. These and the nose jewels, — ornaments worn by all the women and little girls, — are, apart from their significance, utterly disfiguring.

Beyond the villas with their gardens and around the curve of the bay lies the inclosure in which are the five Towers of Silence. On entering a gateway, one comes to a long flight of steps, at the base of which the carriages are left. At the head of the flight is a



gateway in an inner wall; here we were met by an official who, after inspecting our permit, without which no stranger is allowed inside the grounds, led us into a small garden full of flowering shrubs, where the mourners can sit and meditate. The towers are visible a little distance away among the trees. No one except the bearers of the dead is allowed to approach nearer than one hundred feet, and all that one can see is a



TOWER OF SILENCE. — BOMBAY

glimpse of white-washed walls, with a row of ominous-looking black birds perched on the top. Near by is a large oval-shaped building, which we were not allowed to enter. It is the Fire Temple, where the sacred fire, brought by Zoroaster, is still burning. In another building is a large model of one of the Towers. The five Towers are all alike, and are provided with gratings inside, on which the bodies are laid, quite nude. In a short time the vultures have completely

devoured all the flesh, leaving only the skeleton, which is cast into the well in the centre of the tower to crumble to dust. Think of sitting in the garden near by to meditate on that!

There are many Parsees in Bombay. Their queer hats, resembling a piece of stove pipe, one sees everywhere. Except for the hat, the Parsee dresses like an Englishman or an American.

On the way back to the hotel, we visited the Jain Animal Hospital. We alighted in a large and very dirty court-yard, through which a gate leads into the hospital, — a fenced-in space where there were cages for the sick animals, potted plants, trees and shrubs, stables for cattle, and pens in which the cattle could take the air. The Jains are a sect that will not kill an animal of any kind. The contrast between the comfortable quarters for the birds and animals in the hospital and the habitations of the human beings in the miserable court outside was great!

Driving through the swarming crowds in the bazaars, we stopped to look at the Monkey Temple. This building is almost covered with quaint carvings. We were not permitted to enter, only to stand at the door and look in.

Another day we went to the Victoria Gardens, on the way passing through a street where the pavement between the trolley tracks was being relaid. Men and women were working at it together, the men filling baskets with earth, which they placed on the women's heads to be carried away. The Victoria Gardens are very prettily laid out and seemed very popular. We were up and off very early this morning for a trip to Elephanta Island, six miles out in the bay, to see the



Caves. We were the only Europeans in the small steamer going over. As we neared the island we had to go down the ladder to the crowded third-class cabin, to be lowered into the sailboat which came out to take us ashore. The landing place was a low flight of wet and slippery steps. The island seemed to be uninhabited, but on the road we met four wild-looking men with a rough sort of a sedan chair which we put to use among us. The road was wild and picturesque, with a tiny village of thatched huts hidden among the trees about half way up. By and by we came to a wall. Just inside its gate is a bungalow with a rustic arbor, and a little farther on are the Caves. The main cave is a huge square room hewn from solid rock, its roof supported by large round columns. Extending entirely across the end wall are colossal Hindu sculptures, chief of which is the "Three-faced Bust, nineteen feet in height (to quote Murray) a representation of Siva, the front face is Siva in the character of Brahma, the creator, the east face, Siva in the character of Rudna, the destroyer, and the west face, Siva as Vishnu the preserver." On each side of this middle compartment there are other mythological carvings. Then on each side of this large hall are two smaller ones. In the main hall is a large shrine. What time and labor must have been required to cut all this from the rock! These caves are supposed to have been used as hermitages. We had tea, at Rs. 1 (33 cts.) a cup, and some bread and butter, in the little arbor at the gateway; and then had to hurry away for fear of missing the steamer back to Bombay. We are packing to leave, to-night, for Baroda.

## IX

Wellesley Girls' School, Naini, Tal.

I HAVE been leading a strenuous life since I left Bombay ; sleeping on the train, doing sight-seeing all day, and then going back to another train at night. Several days were spent at Baroda, the capital of the Mahratta state, and though it has a population of over 100,000 there is no hotel there. They took us in at the Methodist Mission, and made us comfortable. The accommodations for the travelling public at these Indian cities and towns are not inviting. Most of them have what they call a Dak Bungalow, furnished with string beds, dressing tables and toilet apparatus, such as they are, but the traveller must carry his own bedding and towels and have his own servant to cook for him. In some of the railway stations there are sleeping rooms upstairs, and meals to be obtained in the station dining-room. The best things about these meals are the tea, bread, butter and jam, and the rice served with curry. Our cows would faint away if they could see the milk. Everything is served table d' hote, and if you yearn for eggs or toast, instead of the bill of fare, you are likely to have everything else in the establishment offered you before you can manage to make your desires understood. Each of these station dining-rooms has a large cabinet filled with a supply of canned things, such as crackers, fruit and pound cakes, Cadbury's Chocolates, Heinz Baked Beans, and at many of the stations the waiters come

to the windows of the compartment with trays of hot tea. One can also buy bottled soda and fruit on the car, but we are warned to beware of the tea sold thus as one cannot be sure the water has been properly boiled and filtered. We are continually being warned not to touch water or milk that has not been boiled or filtered, and warned against getting in the sunshine, against any physical exertion, and in fact, are warned about so many things that it quite makes one nervous, though we are grateful for the kindly thought. We carry a bottle of boiled water in our tea basket, and keep a supply of Malted Milk and Meat Extract, for use on the trains, and, as a variety, drink bottled soda, which is horrid tepid stuff.

I am getting to understand the money at last. The banks cash our American Express Company's cheques with English gold in sovereigns. You can imagine how heavy twenty of these are. In Italy we could get paper money, and go to the bank often; but in India I have twice already had my funds run almost to zero before I could get a chance to replenish, so I find it necessary to carry large sums. Then the native money is all in coin, and so heavy; and a supply of small change is an absolute necessity. Going to the bank here is a serious business, as it takes so long. Yesterday it took Miss Gray and me exactly one hour to get two fifty-dollar cheques cashed.

While at Baroda our hosts took us to see the Maharaja's elephants, one afternoon. There were half a dozen of these huge creatures with pink and white ears and faces. They were very obedient to their keepers, and, on the word being given, one of them would raise a forefoot in the air, on which the nimble

keeper leaped, to walk up on its back and down again. One of them had a large brass disk fastened to its head, and its keeper, seated on its back, had a similar disk before him. A baton was placed in Sir Elephant's trunk, and the pair gave us some beautiful music. The



SNAKE CHARMERS.—BARODA, INDIA

howdahs and trappings were magnificent. They filled a house in the centre of the court, howdahs of gold, of silver, of velvet with solid gold and silver embroidery, trappings of velvet completely covered with rich embroidery of gold and silver thread. There were lad-

ders and goads of silver, and everything for use in elephant riding in the same rich metal.

The Lakhshimi Villas Palace towers over the dusty city, from the midst of a beautiful cool green garden. This is not the palace where the Maharaja resides, but the place where his jewels are kept. They are displayed in glass cases, and consist of a magnificent array of diamonds, several necklaces of five or seven rows of the kingly jewels, each row diminishing in size toward the back, those in front being as large as my thumb nail, bracelets, finger rings, aigrets, epaulets of diamonds and silver, long ropes of pearls and jewels of every kind in every shape.

In another glass case against the wall there was a large piece of exquisite embroidery made entirely of tiny pearls, turquoises and rubies, — most wonderful, beautiful, and useless.

In a guard house outside the garden gate of this palace the gold and silver cannon of the state are kept, each one weighing two hundred and eighty pounds of solid gold or silver, and drawn by milk-white bullocks that are kept in a stable near.

Our friends next gratified our desire to see the Maharaja, the owner of all these riches, by giving a garden party, the invitation to which he accepted. On the eventful day the Mission grounds were beautifully decorated with scores of fluttering pennants. Huge garlands of green leaves were festooned from post to post all around the Compound. Over the gateway an arch was erected; bunting and flags added a note of color. Native cavalry were stationed along the road as the Maharaja drove up in a splendid carriage with out-riders, accompanied by his eldest son, a bright-

eyed vivacious young fellow, Prince Faltiesing Rao, in complete European array except for his turban, which was a most wonderful edifice of palest lavender gauze. The Maharaja himself was in the native dress, wearing a surcoat of finest white linen with sleeves of crêpe. He carried a curious little bouquet made of one whole flower, surrounded by rows and rows of sections of other flowers with a row of leaves on the outside. He twisted this around in one hand, and finally gave it to the pretty little daughter of one of the missionaries. This Maharaja is considered the most intelligent and progressive of the native Indian rulers. He made a tour of our country accompanied by his consort, the Maharanee, a couple of years ago. His heir was educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and his other son is now at Harvard.

When darkness fell, the pretty scene was made even more attractive by the multitude of twinkling little lamps that were strung from tree to tree, and by the added glow of the colored Chinese lanterns.

At last I have had my wish to explore a native bazaar to my heart's content, in company with the housekeeper and one of the young lady helpers from the Mission School. We went from one little hole in the wall to another, until I had accumulated a full set of native jewelry, ear-rings, toe-rings, nose jewels, and glass bracelets. At another little box of a place, in the search for Decca Muslin, the storekeeper's assistant handed down to him as he sat cross-legged on the floor, bundle after bundle, tied up in white cloth, which, on being unwrapped, showed such treasures of sheer fabric, embroidered or glittering with gold, as would delight the heart of any girl. I was greatly

interested in watching the women stamping cotton cloth. The whole length of one street they were at work on the floor of the piazzas — to call them by a pretentious name, — in front of their houses, with the cloth on a board before them, stamping it all over, yard by yard, with a stamp a few inches square. Everywhere there were festoons of leaves hanging in the doorways and across the front of the houses, as a charm against evil spirits.

Tell the children that one of the ladies at Baroda brought a mosquito net with her, and as there were no supports for the net on her string bed, she draped it over her open umbrella, like a play house.

From Baroda we went on to Ajmere, an important city in Rajputana, another all day and all night ride. Alighting from the train, in the lamp-lit station, in the early hours of Christmas morning, and again as I sat shivering in the gharry, watching the day break, during the drive to the Mission, my thoughts flew off to you dear ones far away, and I wondered what you were all doing. A beautiful welcome awaited us, kind hands drew us up to the grate fire and helped us off with our wraps. After breakfast we all went to church. A number of native pastors took part in the services, and it was interesting to watch their happy faces. Church over, we were taken to see the city. It is situated at the foot of a rocky and picturesque hill. There is an artificial lake with white marble pavilions along its bank, that were erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan; pretty villas with gardens, a very handsome white stone building, the Mayo College for the education of young Rajput princes, surrounded by fine



buildings used as dormitories, and a curious Jain temple.

It did not seem one bit like Christmas, though they had the dinner table decorated with red paper and holly, and gave us a real English plum pudding.

It was noon the next day when our train rolled into Jaipur station; and we had had no breakfast. The



COURT IN THE MAHARAJA'S PALACE. — JAIPUR

place swarmed with merchants, laden with weapons and the inlaid brass that is so typical of the East. They lay in wait for us as we ate; and beyond lay Jaipur calling loudly of her charms. It is the very quaintest, pinkest city in the world! A crenellated wall of masonry surrounds its rows of bright rose-pink houses, with bold patterns of white stencil on their fronts. The crowded bazaars are picturesque, the



public gardens are the finest in India, and a fine museum of oriental works of art and antiquities is housed in a handsome modern building in the midst of this garden.

Jaipur is the residence of the Maharaja of Rajput. His palace is in the centre of the city, and is surrounded by a high wall. Inside this there are a series of courts. The gem of the palace is the marble "hall of private audience"; its effect, however, is spoiled by the gaudily upholstered chairs with which it was filled. This palace has beautiful gardens, pleasure grounds, and a fern house that made a delicious green retreat from the dust and glare outside.

We peeped into a so-called factory for brass work. It was just a tiny court-yard, with the workers sitting at tables under cover on the side; and in one corner a little corkscrew stairway led upstairs to a room where the finished work was displayed for sale. I could have spent the day looking over the fascinating things there, but was called to start at once for the drive to Amber, the old capital, — Jaipur is the modern capital, — about five miles away. It would have been an enjoyable drive if it had not been for the choking dust. After driving about for an hour, we came to the foot of a long hill, where we were to leave the carriage, to finish the trip on elephants. To get up to the howdah, we had to climb up a small ladder, which was then hooked on below, and our big elephant started off. His gait was not unpleasant, — just a gentle swinging movement, — and I enjoyed the ride immensely. The road was very steep. We climbed several hills, and then we turned into the courtyard of the palace. There we dismounted, ascended the grand stairway,

and then was I in the palace of my dreams. There were halls, glorious with marbles and mosaics, opening on gardens in which fountains threw up their glittering spray; rooms adorned with panels of alabaster inlaid with flowers, the roofs glittering with mirrors inlaid among the carving; rooms all of white marble, with latticed balconies, and windows through which we could look down on the dreaming lake below, and away on the high hills that girt the valley around. The sun had set, and the shadowy corners were peopled with the ghosts of those who had lived and loved there, so long ago.

The moon rose as we got into our carriage, the witchery of its light prolonging the spell that had fallen upon us in the old palace. Inside the city walls again, we stopped where torch-lights flared out under some trees, to turn over the curious things spread out on some stalls there. Then, going on to the station, we had dinner, hunted up our car, — which was on a siding, — and went to bed. The train came and carried us away, long after we had entered the land of dreams. Next morning, when the stop for breakfast came, for the first time we happened on a dining-room where no one knew any English; so we had to take whatever we could get, which turned out to be bread and butter only. With this we had to be content until we reached Delhi at two o'clock.

I had been looking forward more to Delhi than to anything else in India except the Taj Mahal; but the palace was a disappointment, so much of it had been removed since the mutiny that it was not easy to imagine it as it had been then. The beautiful Dewan Khass, famed as one of the most graceful buildings in

the world, had its marble columns white-washed and was turned into a hospital. It has now been somewhat restored. The precious stones with which its walls, arches, and pillars were completely inlaid have been replaced by colored glass. It is over one of the arches in this hall that the Persian inscription appears that is translated,

“ If there be a paradise on the face of the earth,  
This is it, this is it, this is it.”

The peacock throne was in this hall. This throne has two peacocks with tails expanded, and a mass of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls and emeralds represent the natural coloring. On either side, between these peacocks, was a life-sized parrot, said to have been cut from a single emerald. Think of this wondrous hall as it was, the soft sheen of the marble and glitter of gems on its walls, the peacock throne restored, with the Great Mogul upon its golden seat, his crown with its twelve diamonds surmounted by the Koh-i-noor, his jewelled person and dazzling crowd of courtiers! Another reminder of the ancient splendor are the Royal Baths, three large rooms floored with white marble, with channels through which the water ran. Each room has beautifully inlaid walls and a fountain in the centre.

In an outside court stands the beautiful little “ Pearl Mosque”, built entirely of white and grey marble. There was absolutely nothing in the little pearl-white room but a flight of steps leading to a low platform running across one end of the room. Each slab in the marble floor is just the right length for one to kneel upon and bow the forehead to the floor, as is the Mo-

hammedan fashion for prayer. We were shown the Maharaja's own praying slab.

Leaving behind the Palace and the fort, the stronghold of the Mogul Emperors, with its red sandstone walls, we turned our faces toward the great Jama Masjid, supposed to be the largest mosque in the world, built of red sandstone inlaid with white marble, and approached by a grand flight of steps with a great gateway on each of three sides. In the inside is a huge quadrangle with a fountain in the centre; an open cloister surrounds three sides, and the Mosque itself is on the fourth, entered by a short flight of steps, at the foot of which attendants wait to cover the feet of "unbelievers" before allowing them to enter.

In one corner of the court is a shrine, in which are kept relics of the Prophet Mohammed. They are an impression in marble of his foot, and a glass case containing one red hair from his beard!

By this time the sun was setting; and though I longed to see the Koodsia Gardens, the Flag-staff Tower, and other places in Delhi interesting as connected with the Mutiny, the rest of the party were sure we should return to the station, consoling me with the prospect of a return to Delhi later. Indian cities are really no place in which to be abroad after dark. After dinner we amused ourselves as well as we could in the dingy waiting-room until our good Mr. Lee brought us the welcome news that our car was open. The lights had not been connected, so he went out to the bazaar and bought some candles, thus enabling us to unpack our bedding and make ourselves comfortable. Don't you think we are getting quite seasoned to making the best of everything?

It was noon the next day when we reached Bareilly, where we had very comfortable quarters at the Methodist Orphanage, and settled down for a rest. Our hostess was kindness itself. I am sure there never was tea and toast that tasted better than that she sent up for our chota hazari each morning. The bank where our mail had been collecting for two months



THE METHODIST ORPHANAGE AT BAREILLY

was closed for the holidays, but in some way or other she managed to get our letters for us at once. The house was the most home-like place we had seen since leaving America, the parlor coziness itself with its blazing wood fire, its easy chairs with their pretty cushions, its table with books and papers, and its vase of beautiful roses, fresh each morning. In our big upper room, which opened on a piazza encircling three

sides of the house, the doors — there were doors instead of windows — stood open all day long, and the squirrels, cunning little things, ran in and out.

The Methodist Episcopal Mission at Bareilly is quite a little village, owning over sixty acres of ground, and having, beside the orphanage, a church, a hospital, and a theological school. The homes of the

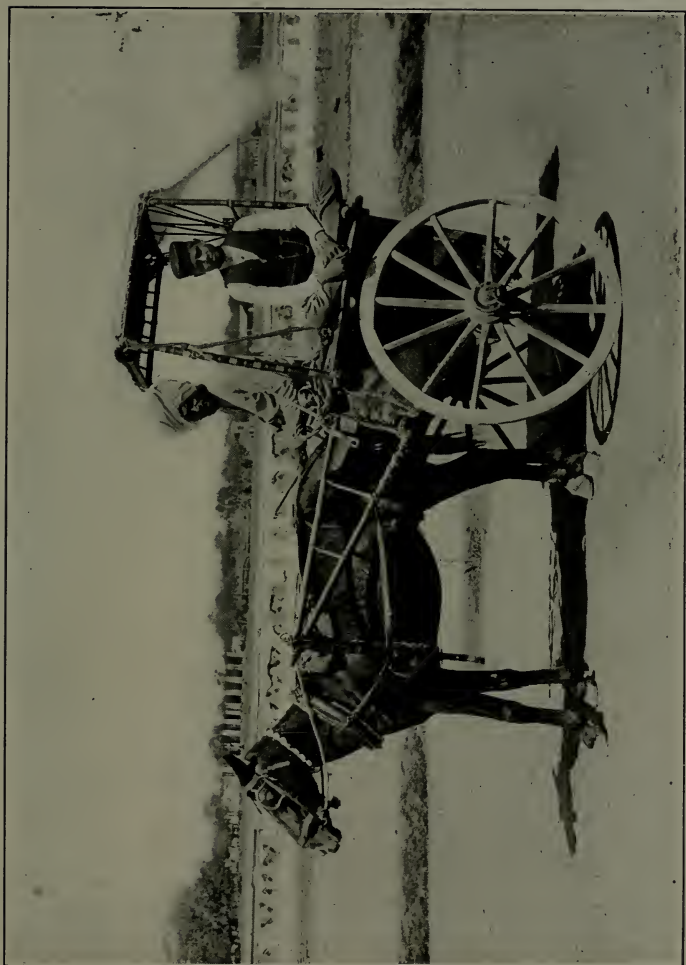


THE ORPHANAGE GIRLS AT BAREILLY

missionaries are pretty bungalows with beautiful gardens. It is some distance from the camp of the English soldiers and homes of their officers, the English church and hospital. The native city lies in the other direction. Bareilly has not much to offer in the way of sight-seeing. Miss Gray and I had some excitement riding in an ekka. I must send you a picture of one. We had to double up on those little side shelves and



hold on for all we were worth. Oh, a camel is a



AN EKKA, IN WHICH WE RODE AT BAREILLY

feather-bed in comparison with an ekka. We were



having the native tailor at the bazaar make us some waists, and as the ekkas seemed to be the only sort of public conveyance to be had in the city, we had to patronize them several times, emerging from the fray with every bone dislocated, but with two very pretty waists as a reward. The avenues of bamboo trees were especially beautiful, and families of monkeys sat on the edge of the road, staring solemnly at us as we bumped past them, and seeming to say to each other, "Did you ever see anything like those queer Americans?"

Each day we would emerge from the house to find the piazza and lawn peopled with native merchants with wonderful rugs, shawls, brass work and embroidery.

I am finishing this letter up above the clouds. We are now at Naini Tal, a beautiful spot on the slope of the Himalayas. We came up from Bareilly yesterday. A ride of more than four hours brought us to Kathgodam, the end of the railway line, where there is a pretty little station covered with purple bougainvillea; these Indian country stations are often very picturesque. All our baggage except hand bags and bedding was left in the car ready for the return; and after having breakfast in the station, we were put into tongas, — two-wheeled carts seating four persons, — our bedding was lashed on the sides, and the rest of the impedimenta were tucked in around us. Then the cavalcade started. The sturdy hill ponies were fresh, and kept up a gallop all the way; the road was fine, with a gradual ascent. When an Englishman makes a road it is a good one. Monkeys chattered at us from the trees, big grey comical-looking fellows, with a bush



A TONGA.

of white hair around their faces, just like a ruffled night cap. Glorious views unfolded at every turn. The distant mountains were not so green and thickly wooded as I had expected; but then, it was January. They also lacked the lovely coloring of our California mountains; but they rise, peak after peak, in great majesty, and, coming up from the dusty plains, they are especially attractive.



A DANDY

Our tonga led the way, and we stopped five times to change horses. There were twenty-five in our party, so we made a long procession. At last a halt came, and a transfer to the dandies that were to take us the remaining three miles. These dandies look something like a little boat, hold one person, and ours were carried by four coolies, two in front and two behind, with the poles of the dandy resting on their shoulders. The rest of the way was up a path so steep

as to be almost perpendicular in places, and with sharp turns. I held my breath, at first, as I watched the men feeling for a footing. It was mid-afternoon by this time and very cold. The thick golf cape I wore on top of my coat, with a steamer rug tucked in over all, was none too warm. I was so sorry for the poor coolies, who were carrying us so carefully and patiently, for they were barefoot and half clad in the biting air. Finally a sharp turn in the path brought us out close to a beautiful lake, surrounded by hills, all dotted over with houses. This house, the Wellesley Girls' School, is half way up the hill, and beautifully situated on a small plateau. The girls are all away on a vacation and the Vice-principal came up yesterday to open the house and is entertaining us royally. My room is at the end of a long outer gallery, and has a bay window looking down on the garden and the lake, with a glorious view of the distant gap in the hills through which we had come on our way up. It began to rain while we were at dinner, with thunder, lightning, and a heavy down-pour all night, making us thankful for our snug quarters. It was the first rain we had had since we left Madras, and this morning we woke to find a thick fog. It has rained, hailed, and snowed in turn all day, but the blazing grate fires make it cheerful. There are plenty of books and late magazines, and what with visiting together in the pleasant home-like rooms, and exploring the big house with its sun parlor, dormitories, courts and odd little rooms tucked on outside and gained by an outside stair, we have spent a delightful day.

## X

S. S. Bangala.

**I**T seems a long time since that evening at Naini Tal when I wrote sitting cosily at a lamp-lit table beside a glowing grate fire. Now I am in the cabin of a steamer on the Hooghly River en route from Calcutta to Rangoon, and am thankful that there is no fire near.

We had a glorious ride down the mountain from Naini Tal. The morning was perfect; the air crystal clear after the storm of the day before; a light fall of snow covered the garden. I had been up and around early, all excitement, taking pictures and enjoying the fresh air and lovely views. About ten o'clock our long procession of dandies moved off, amidst fluttering handkerchiefs and grateful last words. The sunshine on the melting snow made everything sparkle. Fleecy cloudlets sailed through the blue sky that overhung a glad, beautiful world. Our dandy-bearers crept downward over the slippery paths with greatest caution, stopping once or twice to rest and exchange gay words with the sturdy hill women with nose rings as large as bracelets, who were taking down our bales of bedding. The tongas were waiting where we had left them; our bedding was again lashed on the sides and soon we were speeding along. The downward ride was even more enjoyable than the ascent. It was two o'clock when we reached Kathgodam, and there was just time enough to eat our luncheon comfortably before the

train started for Lucknow. There was no railway restaurant on the way, so our evening meal had to come out of the tea basket and the ever-useful cracker box. The night was bitterly cold, with a searching wind that came in through every crack, and I was glad when morning came. Our train was four hours late in reaching Lucknow, where our kind friends had been waiting all that time. They took us to the Isabel Thoburn College, where a warm welcome, pleasant rooms, and a good breakfast awaited us.

Of course the first thing we wished to see was the Residency, that monument of England's endurance and bravery. It stands inside extensive park-like grounds. The houses that were near at the time have been taken down. We drove through an open gateway in a low wall and up to the ruins of the Bailey Guard Gateway, where we left the carriage and walked on to the Residency, the ruins of which rise from grassy slopes and are clothed with brilliantly flowering vines. It is almost a complete ruin, but, surrounded with lovely gardens and kept with tenderest care, it is very beautiful. Every step was full of sad interest. At a little distance from the Residency is the Begam Kothi, which was almost in the centre of the defenses and has lofty underground rooms with many little rooms or recesses in their walls. It was here, in these underground rooms, that the two hundred and fifty women and five hundred children were kept. They were so crowded that, as one of them afterwards wrote, when they lay down, lying on the floor, they fitted into each other like bits in a puzzle. They ate the coarsest food, and were clad in whatever they happened to be wearing when the call to retreat came. One can imagine a



little of the heat and misery of those long summer days. Picture the weary little ones, the brave and patient mothers torn with fear for the husband and father fighting overhead and for the helpless little ones with them; imagine the torture of hearing incessant noise of firing all around. There is a model in one of the rooms which shows the buildings and their surroundings at the time. When one studies it and realizes how closely the enemy invested the place, it seems marvellous that any one escaped. The room in which Sir Henry Lawrence died is a ruin. His grave is in a cemetery near by, surrounded by those of two thousand others killed at the time.

Lucknow was the capital of the Kings of Oudh, and is full of the palaces the different kings built for themselves. The last king had a thousand wives, each lady having her own apartments and attendants; consequently his zenana palace was the largest of all. There is a collection of portraits of these kings in the Talukdars Hall. They are all fat, ugly, and covered with jewels. There was one portrait so remarkably ugly that we gathered around it to look well at the ugliest man we had ever seen. A few moments later I looked back and observed that the attendants had drawn the curtains that hung from the frame. It was the only one with curtains; and when I asked about it I was told it was a portrait of Wajid Ali Shah, the last King of Oudh, and his portrait was kept covered by order of the English Government.

The veranda adjoining this Hall looks down on a picturesque reservoir, and on a fine clock tower at a little distance. Near by is an unfinished tower, commenced by Mohammed Ali Shah. He planned that



this should be the highest tower in the world, but died when he had built only four stories. The Machli Bharran or Palace of Light was built by this same Mohammed as a burial place. It stands in a large quadrangle, through the centre of which runs a long and wide marble reservoir full of water, surrounded by lamps and crossed by an arched iron bridge. The effect of the lighted lamps on the water was most beautiful. The Inambarah Hall is filled with mirrors and chandeliers. The graves of the king and his queen, in the pavement, are surrounded by a fence of beaten silver, with a canopy of the same. At one end of the hall stands the king's throne, which is simply a flight of eight steps covered with beaten silver, the top step being the king's seat. It looked anything but comfortable.

In another part of the hall is a curious edifice, seven feet high, in a platform about five feet square. It is a miniature temple, made of isinglass and wax. The Mohammedans carry these, every year, in the Festival of Light, and afterwards the wax temple is buried underground. Each year a new one is made.

Before the great Inambarah is a vast courtyard with arcades all around the wall, where the Mohammedans live when they come here for a Mela or Fair. What an interesting sight it must be when it is filled with people! On the west side of the courtyard is a lofty mosque with two minarets, and on the south side is the vast structure of the Inambarah. It was getting dark, so we spent only a few minutes in the great hall, which has one of the highest vaulted galleries in the world.

On the east side of the quadrangle is a huge round

tower with arched galleries on each floor around the well that fills the middle of the tower. Standing there in the dusk, looking down on the black water, it seemed as if we could really see the unhappy ladies who, when their Mohammedan husbands had become tired of them, were thrust into this well. The three of us were alone, and the dim galleries around us were very eerie.

The call to prayer was sounding from the mosque opposite just as we emerged from the tower, and my companions, hearing it for the first time, stopped to listen.

Our friends took us to Victoria Park for a picnic under the trees, close to the house once occupied by the first missionary to Lucknow. They were exceedingly kind to us at the College. The principle, vice-principal, and the four bright attractive young lady teachers, were ever ready to entertain us, answer any questions, or do anything possible to make our stay delightful. The college girls themselves were like college girls the world over, — the most attractive of girlhood.

Cawnpore is only thirty-five miles from Lucknow, and we started for that place early one morning, but it was nearly noon when our train rolled into the station. Leaving our heap of hand baggage in the care of a native woman in the waiting-room, the six of us, in two carriages, went out, surrounded by a cloud of dust, to see all we could of the city, — a most unattractive place. There were more idols there than we had seen anywhere. Nearly every house had its little outside shrine, with a hideous red idol and bunch of flowers. From hot and dusty streets, our carriages

turned into the green enclosure of the Memorial Gardens. They are not large, but are well kept and very beautiful. Each carriage is required to proceed at a walking pace, in accordance with the solemnity of the place. In the centre of the gardens, on a mound surrounded by a screen whose gateway is continually watched by an English soldier, a beautiful marble angel has been placed over the well where the bodies of the women and children were thrown on the day of the massacre. The little house where the massacre took place has been destroyed, and, as far as possible, all painful evidences have been removed. All is peace and beauty now.

The Memorial Church is some distance away, built on part of the ground that was within the hastily thrown-up entrenchments. As one follows the line of defence, and realizes that only a wall four feet high, a few cannon, and a handful of brave men, kept back an army of nearly ten thousand men, it seems absolutely incredible that they were able to hold it for three weeks. It makes one thrill with pride in one's English cousins, and boil with rage at the perfidy of the Nana Sahib.

The church is full of memorials. Within the choir the walls are covered with slabs on which are the names of a thousand men, women and children who perished here. We turned away sick at heart.

I should have liked to drive down to the river, but we had a good deal of difficulty in making our carriage drivers understand what we wanted. So we decided we had better go back to the station after our baggage, and get it and ourselves over to the station on the other side of the city, from which we were to

leave that night before the short day closed and darkness fell. Outside of these stations, the one by which we entered Cawnpore and the one by which we left, a crowd of pilgrims sat on the ground, patiently waiting for a chance to go on to Allahabad to the great Mela. Our train did not leave until after nine o'clock at night, but we were allowed to go into our car an hour earlier. It was a large car, with eight berths for the seven of us. I was so cold and uncomfortable on my hard, narrow shelf that I could not sleep. Every time the train came to a stop I could see, through the small open window in the door, the rush of pilgrims seeking to get on the train. The Mela at Allahabad is estimated to have brought out from six hundred to eight hundred thousand people. It was dark, of course, and there were no lights in our car, but the station lamps enabled me to see everything outside. Finally the train made another long stop, and fresh crowds flocked past our door. The poor creatures, — in their fluttering rags, and bare feet and limbs in the chill night air! They go hand in hand, so as not to get separated in the crush. Many heads were thrust in at our window, and at first I thought nothing of it, knowing they were looking for a third-class car. But presently a pair of bare limbs came through the window, and their owner followed. Some one outside pulled him out again. Soon there came another rush outside, and another man waxed bold and, putting his staff and bundle in through the window, began to follow. I was the only one awake in the car, and I called out "Go away! Go away!" As he paid no notice, and no one else seemed to hear, I reached out and shook the nearest sleeper, who added to the confusion by thinking it

was the man himself who had shaken her. He was now being assisted out of the window by the guard. After this we closed the window.

In the morning I found on the floor a pair of bracelets which our midnight visitor had evidently dropped in his flight. It was such a pathetic little souvenir, — the beads were made of mud from the bank of the sacred river, and strung on straws. Later, when I opened my carryall, I discovered that some of my warm wraps had disappeared. Evidently the woman at the Cawnpore waiting room had been investigating.

Muttra is such an ugly place, — no grass, no flowers, anywhere; nothing but sun-baked yellow earth, and yellow stucco houses where shrines with red-daubed idols made a startling note of color. The river bank is lined with temples which look most picturesque, but "distance lends enchantment to the view" here. The city abounds in monkeys! You see them running up and down the walls of the houses everywhere, or sitting along the edge of the roof, their babies clasped in their arms!

We went down to the river one evening to see the services in the Fire Worshippers' Temple. The sun had set just as we reached the river, and the sky and water were a beautiful rose color. A large flat-bottomed boat was waiting, and rugs had been spread out to sit upon. As we floated down the Jumna, the twilight lent a mysterious charm to the temples, with their quaint domes, and gables which hung out over the river.

When we reached the Fire Worshippers' Temple, the boat was anchored where we could watch the rites. This temple is in the form of a hollow square. In the

centre is an altar with an arched canopy, and from the altar a flight of steps descends to the water. Temple and steps were full of people moving around, the four sacred bulls mingling with them; and everywhere, on steps, walls and leaping from roof to roof, were swarms of monkeys, some of them imitating the actions of the worshippers, kneeling at the river's brink to lap up the water to drink, and touching it to their foreheads over and over again. Many of the women had brought little rafts of straws, which held four or five tiny earthen vessels filled with oil, with a minute wick in each vessel. These were lighted, and the little rafts were carefully pushed out into the stream, some to carry messages to the spirits of the dead, some as an offering to the goddess of the river. The gentlemen with us picked up several of them, and one was given to me. As twilight deepened into darkness, the exercises began. Two men held up before the altar a red cloth, through which we could see little twinkling lights flashing out; then the cloth was taken away, and disclosed a priest standing upon the altar, holding up a candelabrum with a pyramid of lights. He held it high aloft, swinging it back and forth. The people in the boats around us were looking up, with hands clasped in adoration; and those in the temple were throwing a rain of flowers at the lights, and rushing to gather them up as they fell, for touching the sacred fire made them also sacred. After a while the priest stepped down and placed the candelabrum on the altar. Instantly all the worshippers rushed forward, stretching hands and arms into the flame, saluting the lights over and over again, in a perfect frenzy, in the effort

to absorb holiness from them; while over head the pure light of the moon shone coldly down.

Another day we took a trip to Brindaban, a place six miles away, where there are some famous Hindu temples. The ten of us started at dawn. There was nothing in any way attractive about the drive, and I was getting tired, when we came to a forlorn village of dirty houses. The temples were also disappointing. The first one visited was modern, with a very pretty garden and white marble pavilions, but we were not allowed to go further than the garden. The next one has a golden palm tree in a shrine within a court. It was visible through the open door; but as we were starting to ascend the steps the natives lounging around became galvanized into life, and, barring our way, held up a large placard on which we read that there was "no admission to visitors of another faith, and they were begged not to insist on entering, as that would entail the necessity of providing new furniture for the kitchen!" What a serious affair that would be! We hesitated; and the scowls around us became fiercer, so we decided to retreat. The third temple had a most fascinatingly carved roof, with wooden stalactites, resembling the roof of a cave. The attendant allowed us to take a peep into the inner room, which really looked like a kitchen. On getting into the carriages again, we were taken to the gate of a small compound, so neat as to be in greatest contrast to the surrounding dirt and disorder. This was the Mission; and there we were invited to partake of a dainty breakfast. The neat compound and cool dainty order of the house greatly impressed me with what could be



done by even one missionary, when her home made such an attractive spot in a forlorn dreary village.

Our last afternoon at Muttra was made most delightful by an invitation to a garden party at the home of some charming people we had met in Bareilly. As our carriage turned in at their gate it seemed as though we had entered Fairyland for it did not seem possible there could be any spot so cool, green, and beautiful in Muttra's yellow desolation. Huge trees shaded the wide, green lawns, hedges bordered the drive, and there were roses everywhere. At the hospitably open doors of the big bungalow, one of the daughters, — there were twelve of them, and one son, — appeared, to lead the way to another beautiful green lawn, where the pretty dresses of the ladies and children around the tea-table made a moving mass of color. Croquet and all kinds of games were going on merrily all around. Unfortunately we had to leave very early, as we were going on to Agra. Sunset glory filled the sky as our train moved out. The moon rose, and peeped in through the windows at us; hour after hour passed and we were apparently as far from Agra as ever. It was after midnight when we covered the last of the thirty-three miles between Muttra and Agra.

## XI

S. S. Bangala.

OH, to waken and realize that I was actually in Agra, the city of many a dream. It was not yet daylight when we started on our six mile drive to Akbar's tomb. The air was bitterly cold, and we were bundled in all our extra wraps and huddled together in the gharry, eating crackers as we drove along. How you would laugh to see the twine bag I carry, in which I have my kodak, guide book, and a tin box of crackers. There is no style about Indian travel.

The road was the one on which Akbar himself used to drive, and is shaded by grand old trees. The tomb is in the midst of a garden enclosure, two miles square : — it seems that what they call a "garden" in India means only grass and trees, not a place for flowers as with us. As a gateway, the "garden" has a handsome building of red sandstone inlaid with white marble, with a white marble minaret at each corner. Within the gateway, a broad paved walk leads up to the mausoleum, which is built of red sandstone with an entire top story of white marble, the effect being somewhat odd. There are four stories in all, the lower floor having arches north and south, as entrances to the tomb chamber. The vestibule has been partially restored, and its dark blue and gold is exceedingly rich in appearance. From this, an incline leads down to the dark chamber where the great Akbar rests. On either

side of the vestibule, small rooms are screened off, and contain tombs of Akbar's family, his children, grandchildren, and a sister. These white marble tombs are covered with most beautiful carving. Steep narrow stairways, against the walls outside, lead to the white marble glory up above. A cloister with lattice work of forty-four arches, no two alike, surrounds this floor. They told me that the gentle wind sighs an exquisite refrain through those marble arches. In the centre, just above where Akbar sleeps in his vaulted tomb, is a marble cenotaph, completely covered with most beautiful carving. I remember noting at one end a wonderful spray of iris with leaves and flower, cherries with leaves and stem, and a branch from a rose bush. At the foot of the cenotaph is a pillar, about four feet high, which was once covered with gold on the top, in the middle of which the Koh-i-noor sparkled. Akbar had three wives, — Mohammedan, Hindu, and Christian. A building close to the tomb was pointed out as the burial place of his Christian wife.

As we sat around the breakfast table on our return, with all the doors open, — for there were no windows, — little birds flew in and out, perched on the cornice, and had to be chased away from the serving table. Beautiful emerald-green parrots made streaks of vivid color as they flashed around, out in the garden. On the verandah, the native merchants had taken possession, and the floor was covered from end to end with beautiful things, — rugs, embroideries, brass work, silver, jewelry, postal cards, photographs, inlaid marble, soapstone carving, hand-painted ivories. The merchants were coming and going all the time, so

we had a continual variety. It was great fun to bargain with the men. We had a standing joke on some of the party who bought no less than six models of the Taj, besides several pieces of carved soapstone, and a most wonderful black marble chess-board. They left Agra so loaded down with wooden boxes that we call the collection their "marble yard".



ZENANA IN THE FORT AT AGRA

The Fort is in the heart of the city, on the bank of the river Jumna. Its red sandstone walls protect the Palace and the Pearl Mosque, and are of themselves a splendid sight, they are so majestic, and so fulfill one's idea of a fort. The Pearl Mosque was built by Shah Jehau, grandson of Akbar. It is all red sandstone without, and white marble within, and, as one comes in from the glare of the red walls to the cool

grey and white, the contrast gives one an unusual impression of serenity and peace. A cloister runs around three sides, and the Mosque has three aisles surmounted by three domes. An inscription of black



A ZENANA WOMAN

marble says that the Mosque may be likened to a precious pearl, as no other mosque is lined throughout with such marble as this.

The Palace is another dream of white marble loveliness; but it gives only a faint idea of what it must have been. The precious stones have all been re-



THE JESSAMINE TOWER

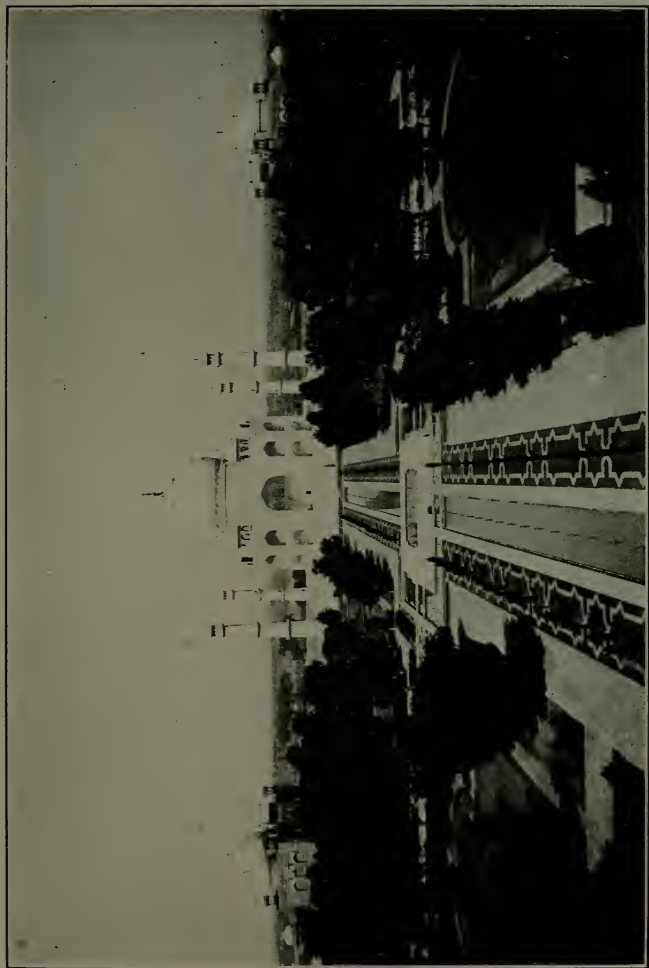
placed with glass, except one emerald. The private mosque of the ladies of the court, the "Gem Mosque",

they call it, is near the room where Shah Jehan was kept a prisoner, fed on coarse grain, for seven years. Below is a small courtyard, where merchants came to show their goods to the ladies. In the "Fish Square" there was a large tank where the emperors could amuse themselves fishing. In the two-storied cloister that surrounds this, an open terrace fronts the Jumna. On this terrace is a black marble throne with a long fissure in it, which cracked, they told us, when a usurper sat on the throne. On the other side of the cloister the pavement represents a Parchesi board, where the Emperor used living men with which to play. Below is an enclosure within the walls, where contests between elephants and tigers used to take place. The Hall of Private Audience is a glory of marble carving and precious stones; a stairway leads from this to the beautiful Jessamine Tower, where the Emperor lived, in exquisite rooms over the river.

His private mosque is said to be the smallest in existence. Near by is the "Mirror Palace", two dark rooms, with walls and ceiling inlaid with mirrors. They were lighted up for us, with most beautiful effect. There are troughs in their marble floors, through which rose water ran.

On one side of the Grape Gardens are the Golden Pavilions, so called from the roof being covered with glittering plates of copper. These tiny round rooms were used by Shah Jehan's daughter, and there are holes in the walls, in which she kept her jewels; these openings are so small that only a woman's arm can reach the contents. In another corner of the Grape Gardens are three rooms, which were the private apartments of Shah Jehan; and there, in the most beautiful





TAJ, FROM THE GATE

of all, he died, looking out across the fields and the river to the Taj which rises majestically round a curve in the river.



TAJ, FROM THE RIVER

There are more grand halls, and another palace all built of red sandstone, within the fort, with vaulted

rooms underneath to be used as a retreat from the summer heat. Outside, close to the Delhi gate, is the great Mosque built by Shah Jehan; but all these wonders pale to insignificance before the Taj, where Shah Jehan buried his most loved wife. It is certainly worth the journey to India, simply to see this gloriously beautiful building. I have left it to the last, for it is so far beyond all the other beautiful things in Agra. One drives through park-like grounds to the grand gateway leading to the gardens in which the Taj stands.

This gateway is a fine building of red sandstone, inlaid with extracts from the Koran, and with ornaments of white marble; the whole surmounted by white marble cupolas. But who can stop to examine the gateway, when the wonder of wonders itself is before us? Arched in the red sandstone doorway, it rises like a picture in a frame, a piece of jewelled marble, carved, burnished, fit only to be shrined in a jewel casket. It is so glaring white in the sunshine that it seems somewhat garish; but later, when the sun has set and the light fades, it becomes etherealized, — a dream, a vision of carved cream-colored ivory.

There is an approach of water in a marble water course, where the building is reflected; stone walks, and a pattern of stone blocks on the grass, form part of the approach. Half way down there is a platform, with seats and a square marble tank, where water again mirrors the lovely building, which stands on a high marble platform. One enters the doors, around which are panels of wonderful white marble carving, — here an iris with leaves and flowers as large as life,

perfect in every detail, there a spray of roses, and in front is the screen which surrounds the tombs, — for Shah Jehan too is buried here. This screen is neither more or less than a piece of jewelled “lace-work”, — a marble lattice, as thick as my finger, set with real precious stones. The tombs are in a vault below, level with the surface of the ground. The tombs are covered with flowers and leaves in jewelled inlay, I counted thirty-two garnets in one poppy. Overhead rises the exquisite dome, and around are a series of other rooms.

Outside, there is a superb view across the river, to the Fort and its palaces. We wandered around for hours, watching the sun set and the moon rise. The beautiful building became even more fairy-like in the moonlight. It seemed to grow larger and larger, and to draw nearer and nearer, with its glorious central dome rising, light as a bubble. One felt it must break loose from its fastenings and float away. When, at last, we turned away, I looked backward every few steps, and each time it seemed to have grown more ethereal. I shall never forget my last look backward; the dome was surely floating toward me in the moonlight, and I had but to reach out and take it, to bear away and be my own.

I have a long list of the number of precious stones given by Kings and Nawabs for use in the Taj when it was being built. Among them are six hundred and seventy turquoises, seventy-four sapphires, forty-two emeralds, six hundred and twenty-five diamonds, and one hundred thousand pieces of mother-of-pearl.

We had the most uncomfortable night of our whole stay in India on the way from Agra to Allahabad. To

begin with, we had to leave Agra a little before midnight, and to change cars half an hour later. All went merrily enough until we left the train to change cars. We were in a huge station, with a few lamps making dim spots of light in the darkness, a long platform to traverse, and a bridge to be crossed; and as there were hardly enough of the native porters around to carry half our mountain of hand baggage, we all picked up as much as we could carry, and started for the train. There had been no compartments engaged for us, and the two gentlemen of our party and the Eurasian guard hustled up and down in vain search. It seemed for a while, as if we would be unable to go on that train. At last a large second-class compartment was found, and we were so glad not to have to stay behind or have strangers with us, that we were quite cheerful at the prospect of sitting up all night. Our suit-cases were set out in a row, and on top of these the carryalls were laid, making quite a comfortable-looking couch on which we took turns to rest. Our wooden boxes of Agra marble and tin cans of plaster figures were piled up in one corner, more carryalls were utilized as pillows, and soon all were asleep. In the morning we had some poor tea at a station, patronized our cracker boxes, and "existed" until we reached Allahabad at eleven o'clock. Mr. Lancy was waiting there to take us to his home, where a good breakfast was ready for us. This over, we drove out to the Fort. The rivers Jumna and Ganges meet just outside its walls. Looking down from the ramparts, the difference in the color of the water is strongly marked. The Ganges was muddy, and the Jumna clear blue, as they flowed along, quite distinct from each other.

The Mela, or religious Fair of the Hindus, is held on the narrow strip of land between the walls of the Fort and the river. There were between eight and nine hundred thousand pilgrims there the week before we came, and some of our friends had gone over from



BRINDABAN MELA, 1908

Part of procession with idol car in centre. Priests on left marked on foreheads with Vishnu's mark. Images of Krishna and his mistress Radha are inside the car, which is being drawn along with rope from the Temple to the Garden.

Lucknow to see the proceedings. The pilgrims come long distances, and camp on the banks to bathe in the sacred river, — thinking thus to wash their sins away. We walked around among them. There was a number of fakirs, or so-called holy men, who sat on little

wooden platforms full of sharp spikes, with fires blazing around them, though the heat of the sun was so intense that I could hardly endure it. They were dirty and unkempt, with matted hair hanging over their shoulders; and they looked at us with dull, unseeing eyes.

There was an underground temple there, where a thatched roof covered a stairway going down to where a hideous red-painted idol, with glass eyes, lay on the ground, covered with masses of fragrant white flowers. The stairway was covered with worshippers, — poor things!

The British have held this fort since 1798, and have adapted it to modern needs; and as the Palace in the fort is used as an arsenal now, there was nothing of special interest there.

After tiffin, I had a drive around the city, and was delighted with it. It is more English than any place I have seen in India except Bombay. There are fine shady drives, pretty bungalows with gardens, good English stores, and interesting native bazaars.

We resumed our march once more that night, taking the ten o'clock train for Benares. We had not much chance for sleep, as we had to change cars at three, reaching Benares in the first glimpse of daylight; but, remarkable to relate, we were really quite fresh when, after our early breakfast at the station, we started out to see the wonders of this famous city, — which is the holy city of India and one of the most ancient. The boat ride on the Ganges is the greatest attraction of the place for a foreigner. Seated in comfortable basket chairs on the upper deck of a large flat-bottomed boat, we floated up and down, watching the people. The



river bank is covered with temples, with steps down to the water, or little platforms built out over it. Bank, platforms, steps, and water were packed with people, bathing or washing their garments, and praying to the river and the sun. Some of them were having the caste marks on their foreheads renewed. We were



BURNING GHAT. — BENARES

told that no less than a million pilgrims annually visit Benares.

At the Asi Ghat a wooden pyre was burning, and the attendants were piling wood over a corpse that had just been placed on another pyre. A third body was brought up on a charpoy and lifted from that to its pyre, face down. It was then loosely covered with a white cloth, wood was piled upon it, and the pyre

lighted ; while beside it a young lad stood and wept, — a most pathetic sight !

The temples and ghats, or landing places, along the river are of most varied and picturesque architecture. After a couple of hours on the boat during which we were glad of the white umbrellas and pith hats between us and the scorching sun, we went back to the carriages and drove to the Golden Temple, which is in the midst of a maze of streets so narrow that it was necessary for us to leave the carriage and proceed on foot. I shall never forget that walk. We picked our way over stones slippery with wet flowers, through a crowd of curious, half-angry faces. All around were hideous idols decked with flowers ; and the dirt, squalor and smells all combined to make one heartsick and anxious to get away. We had to pass through a shop where they sold flowers, and climb some break-neck stairs to an upper balcony on a level with the roof of the temple, whence we could look down on the interior ; then, descending, we threaded our way through the narrow alleys again, and I drew a long breath of relief to be safe back in the carriage once more.

The Durga, or Monkey Temple, is at some distance. On entering a gateway in a high wall, one finds one's self in a courtyard where there is a small temple, with curiously carved pillars. The place swarms with monkeys. The attendants called them together and fed them for our amusement.

The Central Hindu College and School was founded by Mrs. Annie Besant for the promotion of the Hindu religion, to combine the teaching of that faith with a Western education. The school is housed in a fine

building, and there were a good many bright-faced young men and boys around.

The railway ride from Benares to Calcutta took twenty-four hours; and this, my last journey in India, was the most comfortable of all. It was very interesting to watch the change in the country. The vegetation grew more tropical, and little villages appeared on the shores of tiny lakes in the jungle. As we went further south, the people became cleaner and neater in appearance. Their white garments were snowy instead of dingy. It grew hotter and hotter, and we sighed for the light garments in our trunks. At last the long hours wore away, and we reached Howrah, where the railway station is, on the other side of the river from Calcutta.

Calcutta was not a bit like what I had imagined it would be. The plague was spreading in the city, and whenever we went out, our anxious friends warned us to be careful. To add to our nervousness we saw many lepers on the streets.

Calcutta cab drivers are the most stupid in the world. We had to be on the alert all the time to see where we were going; and we found it necessary to inquire the way ourselves of the passersby, — who often sent us wrong. Under the circumstances, it took such a long time to get anywhere that our outings were not of unalloyed delight.

The Maiden or Esplanade is most beautiful, the green of its huge trees and the sward beneath them, blending with that of the Eden Gardens and the grounds of the Government House, is a continuous refreshment to eyes tired of sun-dried brick, baked earth, and glaring sky.

It was in Calcutta that I first saw a crowd of Mohammedans at evening prayer. I was driving along the Chowringhee Road, when my attention was attracted by a crowd of well-dressed people, standing in front of an open space, facing the sunset. Wondering what it was that held their interest, I continued to watch them, and was amazed to see them all drop on their knees and bow down to the ground, repeating the prostration over and over again.

The Kalighat Temple, after which Calcutta was named, is on the bank of the old bed of the Ganges, and is supposed to have been built three centuries ago. Two hundred goats are sacrificed here each day as an offering to the goddess Kali. My companions were much disturbed by their pitiful cries as they were slaughtered.

The Royal Botanical Gardens are reached by a hot, dusty, uninviting drive of more than three hours, but they are well worth the discomfort experienced in reaching them. The ferneries and orchid house would interest even the most jaded. The Great Banyan tree, with its four hundred and sixty-four roots, is a small forest in itself; these curious roots hang down from the branches and make supplementary tree trunks of themselves. The Great Banyan is a hundred and thirty years old.

Calcutta shops are expensive and not very attractive. We found it the best fun to go to the "Market" — a huge building where there were arcades of native shops full of fascinating things.

And now my days in India are over — poor, sad, fascinating India.

## XII

S. S. Macedonia, in the China Sea.

INDIA, in spite of its charm and interest, was so depressing that we felt no deep regret when the Bangala, bound for Rangoon slipped down the Hooghly river, with us on board. Our two days on that nice clean little boat were very pleasant and restful, and its breezy deck was doubly delightful after the heat, crowd and dust of Calcutta. The Hooghly is a treacherous river, and so difficult to navigate that no vessel sails on it at night. We met with no delays, but the boat on which the Browns left Calcutta, two days ahead of us, ran aground, and did not reach Rangoon until a few hours before we did. The Bangala passed Elephant Point early in the afternoon of the second day, and, leaving the Bay of Bengal, sailed up the Rangoon River and anchored about four miles from the city, at sunset. It was quite dark when the tender with the health officer came out to us. We had permission to go up to the city on it, but as the transferring from ship to tender in the dark was not inviting, the vote to remain on board until morning was unanimous.

Rangoon strikes one as an unfinished sort of town; the landing place was an ordinary wooden shed, and we had to wade through deep sand to reach our gharies. There are handsome stone buildings dotted here and there among the rows of common wooden buildings. The great Shwe Pagoda dominates the town,



BURMESE FESTIVAL CART



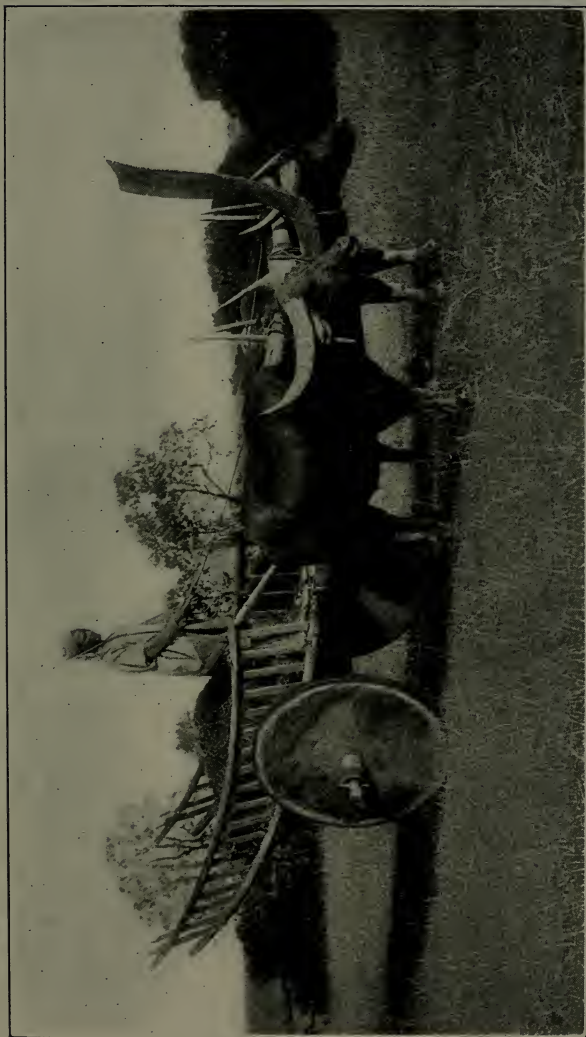
and the gleam of its golden ti can be seen from afar. The streets are full of cheerful life and bustle, and one is at once attracted by the bright-eyed, clean, and intelligent-looking Burmese. We drove around and visited various shops, both English and native. The Burmese wood-carving is very ambitious, mostly large heavy pieces, representing animals and figures, quite different from the Indian carving. Their silver work is very fine.

In the European quarter are miles of well-kept roads, with villas and gardens. The drive through Dalhousie Park and around the Royal Lake was most attractive. The roads around this lake are so cunningly planned that, whenever we turned a corner, there was a fresh vista or charming view of the lake with the sunset skies and glimpses of the Great Pagoda across the water.

The visit to the Timber Yards was a novel experience. Our carriage halted at the edge of a wide field of half dried mud, across which lay a trail of huge logs, and over them we picked our way, creeping carefully along so as not to lose our balance and go off in the mud, as one poor girl in our party did, splashing in above her shoe-tops. On the other side of the field two elephants were at work, harnessed by huge chains with which they were dragging the heavy teak logs slowly along to stack them at the further end of the field.

The great Shwe Dagon Pagoda is the oldest, finest and most visited of all the Buddhist temples. Pilgrims come from all over the world to worship there. It stands on a hill, and is reached by a long flight of steps, at the foot of which are two giant leogryphs,





BURMESE BUFFALO CART



BURMESE SHRINE

with red tongues lolling from their wide-open mouths. This stairway is enclosed and roofed, with curious paintings under the eaves. At the second flight, one

comes to the older part, where the passageway is floored with cement, and is very slippery, with a step here and there breaking the slope. The whole way up is lined with stalls, where flowers, prayer flags, brass temple gongs, cigars, and many other things are for sale. At the summit is the pagoda, three hundred and seventy feet high, covered with thin gold plate, and surmounted by a gilt ti, or umbrella, on which are hung multitudes of gold and silver bells.



MORNING PRAYER. — SHWE DAGON PAGODA

Around it is a broad space. It is left open for the worshippers, and all around on the outside, shrines are crowded haphazard, — large and small, open and closed. Some of them were covered with dark red or blue glass mosaic, with beautiful effect; others were carved or gilded, and still others were of plain stone. Everywhere were figures, large and small, of Gautama the Buddha, represented as standing, sitting, or lying

down; all of them smiling, sweetly and vacantly. Be-



BUDDHIST PRIESTS ON THEIR MORNING ROUND. — RANGOON

fore nearly every shrine, a stout cross-beam supported

a number of brass discs or bells, which the worshipper struck to call the attention of men to his piety and the attention of the gods to his prayer.

Amongst the shrines with which the great platform is crowded are stalls for the sale of curiosities. Worshipers were kneeling or arranging flowers in tiny terra-cotta vases before the shrines. It was a scene of greatest animation and interest. Here also is the huge bell that is considered the third largest in the world. The English started to carry it away as a trophy after their war with Burma, but by some mishap it was sunk to the bottom of the Rangoon River. Then, as the English engineers did not succeed in raising it, the Burmese were given permission to raise it if they pleased. The English had no expectation that anything could be accomplished, but the Burmese succeeded, not only in getting the bell up from the river, but also in hanging it again.

Rangoon was so interesting I was sorry to leave. The boats for Penang only run fortnightly, and the regular boat had just gone, but the Dunera was making a special trip to bring up an English Royal Duke and Duchess, thus giving us a chance to connect with the Macedonia for Hong Kong. It seemed specially intended for us, so we went gaily down to the tender, but our gaiety died away when we got on board and discovered how small and crowded the cabins were. Every one of the four berths in each stateroom had been taken; and the heat was intense, both day and night. Many of the passengers had their beds taken up on deck; and to those of us who clung to our berths, the nights seemed endless. At last the three days wore away, and early on Sunday morning we anchored



off Penang. An hour later, when the tender came, we were all ready to leave, with no lingering this time. The harbor was full of queer little Chinese rowboats, with huge eyes painted on the stern. You know the Chinese say their boats can't see where they are going, if they have no eyes.



THE LANDING. — PENANG

Penang fascinated me from the moment I set foot on land. Fine stone buildings surround the broad open space on which the landing fronts. In driving through the streets, I bobbed back and forth in a vain effort to take in all the strange sights, — the Chinese stores, with fluttering red paper tags all over the front; Chinese women in black glazed cotton trousers; funny little almond-eyed babies; coolies with basket hats and

two more baskets suspended from a pole balanced on their shoulders; Ceylonese with their round hair combs; Indians in white turbans; fat Chinese men in European garb, riding in jinrickishas; Chinese houses with gorgeous carved and gilded doors opening directly on the street; elegant carriages, drawn by fine horses, and filled with quaint slant-eyed children, who were covered with jewelry; beautiful, wide streets, shaded by wonderful tropical trees, bordered by rows of villas, where Chinese babies, with thickly powdered faces, played on the grassy lawns. These babies were the most comical little things. Their little bald heads were literally white-washed with powder, — sometimes it was the little face, and sometimes the whole head. They tell me it is necessary in this hot, moist air, to protect the tender skin. Some of the babies went in for a touch of color, and instead of having the head totally shaved, had a “bang” all around the top, and from this hung a scalp lock tied with red ribbon.

Penang is only eighty miles from the equator, but, they say, the thermometer never rises higher than eighty-eight degrees. Nevertheless I felt the heat more than on any August day in New York, though our quarters were most airy and comfortable. Our hosts tried to teach us how to eat all sorts of strange fruit, — such as durian, which smells like kerosene oil, and looks, when opened, like pieces of halibut, and chipo, that makes one think of baked potato, and tastes like rotten apple. The pumelo, jack fruit, and mangosteen were a few more that we tasted. I counted seven different varieties of fruit on our table at one meal. It was the time of the Chinese New Year, and nearly every day, gifts of Chinese dainties



were sent us. The sea-weed jelly, rice candy, and cakes, were delicious.

On February 12th, which is the Chinese New Year's Day, we went calling, — a long procession of us, — in our jinrickishas. It was nine o'clock when we started, and it took us all the rest of the morning to make three calls. The first was at a Christian Chinese home. We passed through a drug store into a large room, evidently the family living-room, where the two ladies of the house greeted us. When we had all been seated, they withdrew to a corner, where stood a large cabinet full of neatly arranged soda-water bottles, tins of English biscuit and a variety of Chinese dainties. While they were busy there, we had time to inspect the room. The tiled floor was depressed in one corner about a foot lower than the rest of the floor, and on the ledge around it were flowering plants in handsome stone jars. There were portraits on the walls, and the chairs and settees, ranged along the walls, were of handsome carved ebony, contrasting oddly with the common deal dining-table and chairs in the middle of the room. Our hostess came back laden with trays full of little round dishes of delicious-looking things, amber-clear sea-weed jelly, strips of candied pumpkin, crystallized fruit, and various unknown delicacies. They pressed us to try everything, and presented the trays again and again. Conversation languished, as they knew little English, and we less Chinese.

The second house was a heathen home, and the heavy carved and gilded door was opened by my lady herself, who fluttered away as we came in, and fluttered back accompanied by her mother-in-law and followed by her husband, a young man in dainty lavender

silk. We shook hands all around and sat down. The two ladies, who were evidently highly delighted, ran in and out with entirely superfluous chairs, while the husband busied himself pouring tea for us. The room was beautifully furnished. All the furniture was of carved ebony, inlaid with pearl, and there were gold-embroidered scarlet satin cushions on the chairs. Oddly enough, the brick floor was uncovered. At one end of the room, a large ancestral tablet hung on the wall, and under it was an ebony table set out with a feast for the spirits of the grandfather and grandmother; about the table chairs stood in waiting for the ghostly visitors. There was an ordinary round dining-table in the middle of the room, and, when cane chairs had been set out around it, we were invited to occupy them and partake of sweetmeats, oranges, preserved mangosteens and candied fruit. Our little hostess, who was very shy, could speak English, for she had been at school for six years, as she proudly informed us. We had been left alone to eat; but when the little wife was caught peeping in, we coaxed her to come and sit with us. Her jewels were gorgeous, and they tell me that the Chinese never wear imitation gems. This little woman wore a red and yellow striped cotton skirt, a white cotton jacket with pink flowers, slippers, but no stockings, and heavy gold anklets. Her jacket was fastened by four large diamond pins, the largest being at least three inches in diameter. In her hair were six pins covered with diamonds. Diamonds twinkled in her ears, and on her fingers, around her neck was an exquisite gold filigree chain, and on her wrists magnificent bracelets. The family fortune seemed to have all been hung upon her, as the mother-

in-law had only a few jewelled pins in her hair as ornament. The little wife, when we admired her jewels, politely returned the compliment over our modest array, and then asked if we would like to go upstairs. We all followed her, up a steep narrow stair in the next room, into a bed room, where there was a large musical box and several young Chinese ladies, all more or less glittering with gems. We admired each other's jewelry, hair and dresses; the musical box was wound up for our benefit, and the Chinese ladies were much interested at seeing me listen to the music by putting my hands on the box. They showed us some beautiful bead-work, and took us into a real Chinese bedroom, all furnished in red lacquer and gilt. The little wife was the only one that could speak English; but with the aid of natural signs we made the others understand us.

Penang, like many other cities, boasts the "most beautiful botanical garden in the world". The Ayer Itam Temple, one of Penang's show-places, has a small pond in its grounds, where there are a number of sacred tortoises, cared for by the monks. To have one's name carved on the back of one of these reptiles insures having one's sins forgiven as long as the creature lives, and, as they often live to be over a hundred, this means for a long while. A family name insures the whole family. Of course this means a fat fee to the priest.

I called one day on Mrs. T——, a very sweet Chinese lady, whose sister, an attractive young girl, who has since died, visited my home some years ago. Her beautiful home was Chinese-English, the lower floor with its carved ebony furniture and arrangement of

rooms was quite Chinese; upstairs, I was ushered into a distinctively English drawing-room, with easy chairs, pictures, and bric-a-brac. I had to pinch myself, to



MRS. T——, HER LITTLE SON — BUDDIE AND HIS FATHER  
AND MOTHER

realize that I was not in London. That realization came shortly, when some Chinese children called. The little things were so loaded with jewels that it did not seem as if there were room for a single spangle left on

their small persons. Mrs. T—— herself was dressed most simply and daintily in pale blue challis. Her little son, ten months old, in his New Year's array of tiny trousers and coat of pale blue brocaded satin, trimmed with black velvet, and a black velvet Tam o'Shanter, which she had made with her own fair fingers, made the very "cutest" picture I ever saw. Her husband is a brilliant man, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, with a long list of honors from various European universities.

On our last night in Penang we took dinner with an American family, thus having a delightful bit of home life. The long table was surrounded by children of all sizes, who had been out in the country on a picnic, and were full of tales of what they had seen during the day. I had a chance to look over home magazines and papers that I had not seen for months, and later they took me to see an old Chinese lady, with bound feet, who was at work embroidering a new pair of shoes for herself. Our hostess came to see us off in the morning, and finding me in despair because the laundryman, in spite of most faithful promises, had failed to return my prettiest blouse waist, volunteered to go after it; she met us at the dock with a dripping bundle, fresh from the tub. The beautiful big Macedonia, the same boat which we had watched sail from Port Said for Australia three months before, left Penang at noon with us on board. It is now en route from London to Shanghai, but we leave it at Hong Kong. I have a deck stateroom all to myself, and am enjoying every moment. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the day after leaving Penang, we came to anchor at Singapore, near the U. S. warship Baltimore which, as well as all

the other shipping in the harbor, was covered with flags and bunting. Salutes were being fired, and everything was excitement over an English royal duke who was sailing around the harbor inspecting the craft.

After we had waited an hour, the tender to take us ashore finally appeared, and the whole crowd of us wedged in on the little craft. There were no seats; and between the heat of the sun and that of the machinery we were all done brown by the time we landed.

Our party had gone ashore, expecting to take a ride around the city, do a little shopping, and then return to the ship, but on the dock one of the Methodist missionaries was waiting to take us to the Publishing House, which is almost opposite the dock. Here we were told that everything had been arranged for us all to stay over night on shore, and that invitation had already been given for an afternoon reception at which the U S. Consul and his wife would be present.

Singapore is a very attractive city, and, being near the greatest tin mines in the world, is a great trade centre.

Our drive terminated on the crown of Sophia Hill, where we were to spend the night. It is a beautiful spot, with a glorious view, over the trees, of the city below, and the bay with our queenly Macedonia at anchor. Reception and dinner over, a party of us went out to one of the suburbs, to a Malay Mohammedan wedding. We went down the hill by way of a stairway on the top of a stone wall, which terminated near a trolley line. It was so long since I had been on a trolley car, that the rapid ride in the soft warm air, through the gaily-lighted streets of Chinese stores

decked with huge lanterns was very delightful. At the edge of the city we left the car and felt our way along a dark country road to the foot of a long hill, and then up a wide terraced path, with Chinese lanterns strung along each side up to the house on the top. The male element of the occasion was congregated outside the door, waiting for the bridegroom. They greeted us with much cordiality, and ushered us into the house, or rather into a small room, neatly furnished with new matting and a number of cuspidors. At a door in the further end, the lady of the house welcomed us into the inner room, where there were a number of Malay women sitting on the floor all along the walls. We sat down near the door and, as etiquette seemed to demand silence, we had ample time to observe our surroundings. The floor was covered with strips of Brussels carpet, laid just to fit into each other, and not fastened down. There was a small platform at one end of the room for the bride, and at the other end a large platform, extending all the way across the room, with steps and a wide cushion or mattress on top. This was to be the bridal bed and was completely covered with Turkey red, ornamented with wide bands of handsome gilt leather cut work; at one end was a large pile of pillows, similarly covered and ornamented; and in the middle was the small lace-covered pillow the Chinese have in the middle of all their beds. They call it the "Dutch wife". Back of this platform a heavy curtain hid the rest of the room, and we were told the bride was behind it. Chinese weddings last three days; and the groom is not allowed to see his wife until the third day. This was the second day of this wedding. The women around us sat immovable, chewing



pan. Each woman had beside her a small wooden box holding two brass bowls and a bunch of green leaves; she also had a brass cuspidor. She would pluck a leaf from the bunch, and place thereon a betel nut and a portion of white paste from one of the bowls, and chew the whole industriously. I'll draw a veil over the rest.

An hour passed; and the small room with its one window, that had been sweltering at the beginning, became almost too much for us. Suddenly things woke up; the curious candelabra of wax, wire and worsted, were lighted on the platform, and the curtain over the door was lifted for the bridegroom, who came in, followed by his best man, a handsome boy of twelve, most gorgeously arrayed. They sat down on the platform, facing the room, incense was lighted, and a tray covered with little brass bowls was set out. The bride's father came in and, seating himself just below the bridegroom, took a green sprig from the tray, dipped it into the different ingredients in the different trays and touched up the groom's fingers and the palms of his hands; this done, he departed, and a priest with a shawl over his head to keep him from the sin of seeing any women, stumbled in and groped his way to the place vacated, repeating the process the father had gone through. The groom seemed to think this very amusing, for he laughed heartily with a brilliant display of white teeth, while the priest made his way out. Another priest in a beautiful pink silk robe that came down to his heels, then made his appearance, and took his turn at painting the groom's finger nails and palms. When he went out, the masculine part of the ceremony seemed to be over, for the groom and his best man followed him.

The curtain over the door having been fastened, that behind the platform was lifted, and the bride, who seemed to have been sitting on the other side of the platform all the time, was shifted around to face us. Her eyes were closed and she seemed almost insensible. A woman behind held up her head with both hands. The front of her gown glittered with jewels, and on her head blazed and sparkled a beautiful diamond crown, while a mass of flowers in gold and jewels stood up from the back of her head, above the crown. They say Chinese brides often faint under the weight of their jewelry, and certainly this poor girl looked as if she were only half alive. She was held up by the women around her while three old women in turn repeated the process with her hands that had been gone through with the bridegroom. Then she was shifted round again, the curtain was drawn, and the incense and candelabra were extinguished.

We thought it was now time to go; but it appeared that the steps leading down to the outer room had been taken away, as part of the ceremony, so we had to wait until they were replaced. The hostess, in the meantime, appeared with trays of tea, sea-weed jelly and delicious sponge cakes for us, which we ate, with all the other women looking on with great interest. After we had eaten we shook hands with the hostess, and climbed over the cane-bottomed chair they had placed under the door. The men seemed to think this performance a great joke, for they all doubled up with laughter as they watched us descend. We went by trolley and jinrickisha back to the end of the road on Sophia Hill, where it was so very dark that we had to feel our way along to the house, where a spook in a

white gown let us in at a trap door over a stairway which led up from the piazza.

They called us very early in the morning, and we had our Chota Hazari while dressing, so as to be ready to start on the rickisha ride to the Botanical Gardens at seven o'clock. This is another garden which the natives proudly term "the most beautiful in the world" — and it certainly was very fine.

At eleven o'clock we were steaming out of Singapore's beautiful harbor into the green water of the Straits of Malacca, which was as smooth as the water of a lake. The voyage has been delightful. It was hot at first, but has grown colder as we have journeyed northward, so our winter wraps have been unpacked, and our pith hats, which we all dislike most heartily, have been discarded. We shall leave the steamer at Hong Kong in full winter array. We are due there to-morrow, and I can hardly wait. I do so hope we shall get in before banking hours are over. My letters have been accumulating at the International Banking Company's office there for nearly two months, and when I tell you that I have not had a letter from home for over a month you will understand my impatience.

I am so sorry for the Grays. They were in such haste to get to the bank for their mail when we reached Singapore; but the tender was so late that we did not land until after the banks were closed. One of the Singapore gentlemen volunteered to go to the city for them the first thing in the morning, which he did, — and then forgot all about giving the mail to them. Molly, who came out on the last boat, said that as it left the dock she saw him frantically pull letters out of his pockets and wave them; but it was too late, and the Grays were bitterly disappointed.

## XIII

On Board the S. S. Macedonia, Hong Kong.

**T**HIS has been such an interesting day! If only you could have been here to enjoy it with me. Our ship sailed into this harbor, — rightly called the most beautiful in the world, — and came to anchor at dawn this morning. The ceasing of the vibration of the machinery woke me, and I got up to peep out between the slats of my shuttered window, for the wonder of waking in a new land never loses its fascination for me.

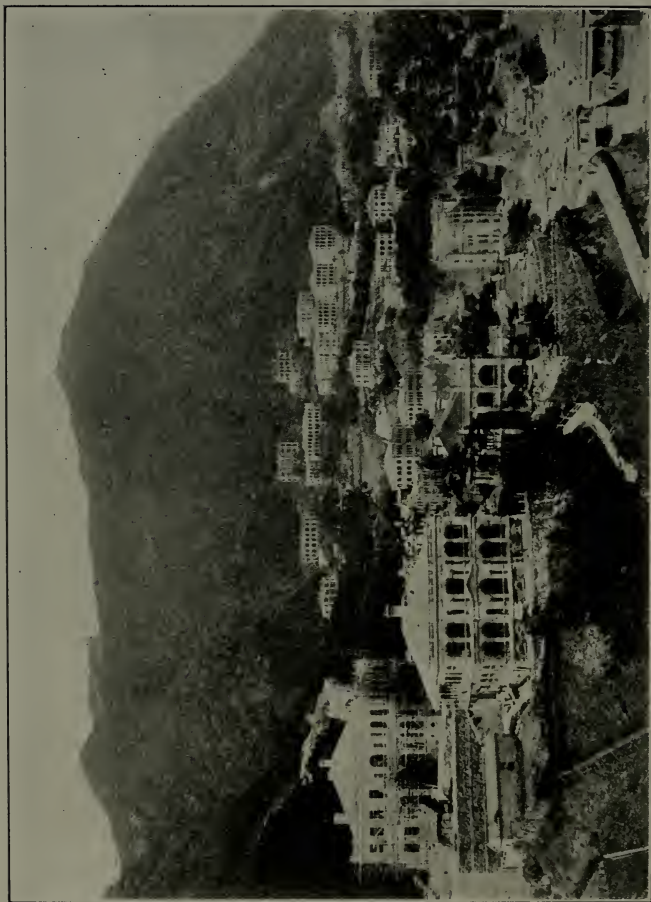
The hills around the bay rise so near the water that there is only a little strip of level ground, and all the buildings face toward the bay, and have rows of piazzas enclosed in arches across their fronts all the way up to the roof. This type of architecture, they say, is best adapted to the peculiar climate, where the heat is so intense in summer, and all the breezes come from the water; the surrounding hills cut off all the land breeze. But from the water these arched recesses have a most peculiar look, giving the impression of hundreds of vacant expressionless eyes staring at one.

When I went on deck, ready to go ashore, the waiting group by the rail had an oddly unfamiliar look. Strange, what a difference ones head-gear makes! After so many months of seeing every European face surmounted by a pith hat, the disappearance of these

hats helped me to realize that I had left the tropics behind. Of course we were all in a twitter of excitement over landing in "far Cathay". The first novelty that struck us on reaching the broad Praya or sea-wall was the discovery that Hong Kong had no carriages of any sort, sedan chairs and jinrickishas being its only means of transportation. The jinrickishas are by far the most delightful; the sedan chairs are carried by three men, who swing the chair from side to side as they trot rapidly along, and scowl menacingly if one does not sit perfectly still. The grey stone buildings of the foreign city look very English. Hong Kong is really the name of the island, and Victoria that of the city thereon. Hong Kong, and Kowloon, on the other side of the bay, belong to Great Britain.

We were just in time to see the ceremonies incident to the landing of the Japanese Prince Fushimi. A troop of red-coated English soldiers came marching down to the landing place, where they opened ranks to form a lane, in the midst of which moved their officers, resplendent in gold lace. The centre of all this was a plain little brown man, whom they conducted to a sedan chair, in which he was borne away. The soldiers disappeared, and we settled down to the business of getting our baggage taken to the Canadian Pacific Office. Our impedimenta disposed of, Molly, Bud and I went off to Chinatown shopping. This Chinatown does not look a bit like the Chinatown we saw at San Francisco. Its streets are wide and clean. The latticed windows and gay red and gold wooden signs are the same, but the stores are much more attractive, especially the jewellers' with their gold and silver filigree work, wonderful ivory carvings, and

array of translucent green jade. Molly says the Chinese are as fond of jade as we are of diamonds,—



VIEW OF THE PEAK. — HONG KONG

and it is almost as expensive. Then there are fascinating places where they sell drawn-work and em-

broidered blouses and robes. The Chinese dry goods stores are unlike any others. They have no sign of anything for sale,—merely a counter, and some shelves, which, instead of having piles of goods, show nothing but a mass of brown paper streamers. Each piece of goods is kept wrapped in soft white paper, with an outside wrapping of brown, and a description tag of tough brown paper dangling from one end of the bundle. You would have been in ecstasies over the beautiful shimmering brocades, soft silks, and transparent gauzes which they unwrapped for our inspection.

The trolley ride up the Peak, which we took later, after luncheon in a German restaurant, would surely have delighted you. It was a thrilling experience, the inclined railway is so nearly perpendicular. Half way up, the car stopped and slipped backward,—or was it my excited fancy?—but the end of the line was reached in safety. This was not at the top of the mountain, however; the rest of the ascent has to be made by sedan chair. The view is superb,—the bay with its shipping, surrounded by mountains, and, below us, the hillside covered with terraced gardens and handsome residences.

To-night, from the salon window beside which I am sitting, the illuminated Peak, the bright lights of the city and the shipping around us, make an even more beautiful picture.

Our party is to transfer to the Japanese steamer Nikkon Maru early to-morrow, and sail for Manila at eleven o'clock, while the Macedonia leaves for Shanghai an hour later.



Lope de Vaga St., Manila.

Later.—

The little Nikkon Maru was a marvel of neatness. Everything possible had been provided to make the staterooms comfortable, and in the tiny saloon, with its cut velvet pictures and strange dwarf plants, entertainment in the shape of albums of Japanese water-colors had been provided, and I promised myself some pleasant hours over them. But we were hardly outside the harbor before it became very rough; the flying spray beat against the saloon windows, and it was necessary for our chairs to be lashed to the rail. I am never sea-sick, but once ensconced in my steamer chair it seemed best to stay there, and it really was a delight to sit there, snugly wrapped up from the flying spray, and watch the huge waves thundering around our little boat, which rode them like a bird. The second day was more moderate, and at noon, forty-eight hours after leaving Hong Kong, the Nikkon slipped past Corregidor Island into the bay, and two hours later came to anchor in the harbor. Before this I had gone down to the cabin to do the repacking for my sick roommmate and myself. This was no joke with the trunks sliding around with every movement of the ship. I had to dodge the one while I held on to the other and crammed things into it. However, I was alive and ready to see all there was to be seen when we came into the harbor; but there is nothing to be seen of Manila from a distance, the buildings and shores lie so low. Six of our beautiful white battleships were at anchor in the bay, and the flutter of our glorious flag made it like a home coming. And such a welcome our ship had! Half the population of Ma-

nila must have had long lost brothers or sisters on board; such a crowd of steam launches, filled with black-eyed senors, senioritas, and beautiful little children gathered around! They were all laughing, talking, smoking and calling to their friends on board. It was a gay scene; and some of the welcome was for us, for our hosts had come out with a launch to meet us. So great was the crowd of boats gathered around that we had to climb over the decks of several to reach our own.

Manila is a surprise to me. Instead of the sleepy Spanish town I had expected, here is a bustling wide-awake cosmopolitan city, with electric lights and electric trolley. American policemen keep order on the Escolta, — the city's Broadway, — where, in American stores, one can get an outfit right from "the States", or next door, where nothing but Spanish is spoken, one can try, as I did, to lay in a supply of note paper, or a Manila hat. Then there is real American ice cream to be had at Clarke's. The queer conveyances are a never-failing source of interest; there were carts with solid wooden wheels a foot in thickness; sleds made of branches lashed together, drawn by the slow-moving bullock; the native cabs here take the form of phaetons with the hood and seat very far back, a wee seat in the middle of the front serving for the driver, where he sits with his feet out in the cold world. The people are most interesting of all; Filipino girls in big pompadours and gauzy waists, crowds of school boys, immaculate in white duck, khaki-clad soldier boys from home, the Filipino with his beloved game cock in his arms, and the never-ending stream of women with marketing baskets upon their heads. The variety in

these baskets is great, and I am continually twisting my neck trying to get a full view of the contents, — fish, vegetables, bananas, some bright-hued goods, thread, worsted and cakes are part of the collection I saw in one basket. Another source of wonder is, how they manage to keep those heel-less slippers on their bare feet. There are not so many junior Adams and Eves without their fig leaves as there are in India and Ceylon. The demure little girls are the very counterparts of their mothers, even to the trained skirt and hair coiled on the top of the head.

This is just at the end of what they call the "cold season", and from sundown until ten o'clock in the morning the air is delightful. After that, the mercury goes up among the nineties. At twelve all the stores close, and every one goes into siesta until three o'clock, — a survival of the old Spanish rule.

Our kind hosts made up a party to take us to Cavite, the other day. We crossed the bay on a Government steam launch, passing over the exact spot where Dewey fought. It was a glorious day, and the sail over the sparkling water was one never to be forgotten. From time to time rowboats from the United States battleships hailed us, to receive or deliver mail, or to transfer the officers they had as passengers. Admiral Brownson was one of these. We were landed at the navy yard, where the officers' houses, with their pretty gardens, looked very attractive. The machine shops did not interest me as much as the outlook from the ramparts, to get to which I covered myself with prickly burrs. We had such a lot of fun over our picnic lunch, which started with a bag of sandwiches, eaten in the big room used as a library and recreation

hall by the soldiers. Those sandwiches were disappearing rapidly, when Mr. Harper rose and slipped out, to appear again shortly, with a loaf of bread and a can of Heinz beans, followed by a man loaded with bottles of aerated water. The men cut bread and opened the bottles with their jack knives, and we all voted it the best lunch we had ever eaten. The sail back was even more delightful than the one coming.



A HOME IN THE PHILIPPINES

Yesterday we had a little trip into the interior; some of us going to Pasig, starting early in the morning, by train. On this railroad the first and second class cars are like those in Europe, and the third class are like ours. Everything was new, fresh, and clean, and the ride through the pretty country with its green rice fields and picturesque villages was all too short.

This was followed by another ride in a two-wheeled native cart through beautiful country lanes and streets

of nipa houses. We alighted outside an old church, whose interior was as like as possible to the old Mission Church we explored together in Southern California. After a while I wandered out, leaving the rest in one of the chapels. The streets were empty, and our drivers both asleep. I was about to turn back, when I caught sight of one of the ladies of our party



NATIVE GIRL IN PASIG, P. I.

on the upstairs verandah of the house opposite, and, thinking it an opportunity to see the inside of a native house, I called to ask if I might come in. On receiving an affirmative reply, I found my way through a courtyard where a sleepy cat half opened an eye, and some drowsy chickens stopped scratching at my approach. In the big kitchen at the head of the stairs the lady of the house greeted me cordially, offering me cigarettes.

We were smiling amicably at each other, when, from across the street, the call came for me to return to the church, where a Catholic priest was baptizing six little Filipinos. Each tiny mortal was such a bundle of long silk robes and gay embroidery that there was nothing to be seen of the baby. When this exciting event was over, the village went to sleep again, and we set out for the river to wait for the steamer going down to Manila. The native ferry had its landing at the foot of the street, and there was a steady stream of people coming and going. All the women carried baskets on their heads, and when they paid the ferry due, the man in charge made them take down their baskets and show him the contents before he let them go. The ferry boat was a long, narrow affair, hollowed out of a log, in which the people stood up in a row, and the boat, instead of going straight across, made a wide curve up the stream, coming down at the stepping-stones on the other side. I amused myself taking pictures of it, and of the natives sitting around in their doorways, busily engaged in doing nothing. Finally we got tired of waiting for the steamer, and embarked in two of the banca, or native boats, that were lying at the bank. These boats, also, were hollowed out of logs, outriggers kept them steady, bamboo slats composed the floor on which we sat, and a bamboo matting, overhead, kept off the sun. I was enjoying myself hugely when the river steamer appeared and we were pulled alongside. The men of our party climbed up, and the rest of us were pulled and pushed until we reached the deck. And what a sight that deck was! Every inch of space was crowded with produce, farming implements, and natives, and a stretcher, holding a poor



creature covered with terrible sores, filled the middle of the deck. There seemed to be no room for us; but they wedged up a little more, and even found a couple of chairs. The green banks of the river were very pretty; here and there, huge carabao were wallowing in the mud near the shore. Near the city we passed a beautiful residence, facing the water, with steps leading down from its spacious shady grounds to the water.

I wish you and I could explore the Intramuros, or walled city, together. It is the heart of Manila, and all the old churches and relics of the days of Spanish rule are there. Its old walls are suggestive of mysterious secret chambers, underground dungeons, and all sorts of gruesome things. No one knows what may have happened there. Perhaps the Padres do, but they tell nothing. The natives do not care; and thus far the Americans have been too busy with their work of making the city clean and healthful to delve into past mysteries; but the time will come.

The modern Church of the Jesuits on the Calle Arzobispo is reputed to be the most beautiful of Manila's many churches. Its exterior is plainness itself, but the interior is full of ravishingly beautiful wood-carving; the ceiling is covered with panelling, columns and arches are wreathed with garlands, and the pulpit is covered with exquisite work. I was in raptures, for you know how interested I am in the art.

We tried to get into St. Augustine's Church, the oldest in Manila. It covers a whole city block, and we drove around and around looking for an open door. A smiling Padre appeared in response to our raps at one of the doors, but he merely spread out his arms to



bar the way, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, when we asked for admission. Evidently he "had no English". We then tried gestures, pointing to ourselves and to the interior, but he only shook his head, and planted himself more firmly against the door. There was no "open sesame" for us, and we had to give it up.



PACO CEMETERY. — MANILA

Manila has one of the strangest places in the world in which to bury its dead. On the last day of our stay, a friend sent my roommate and me out to Paco Cemetery in her carriage. On entering a gateway in a high white circular wall, we found ourselves in a ring-like enclosure between this wall, which was eight feet or more in thickness, and an inner wall. Between

the two were grass, trees and a walk. The inner wall surrounds a garden with a small chapel in the midst, in which are the tombs of the Governors, Generals, and Prelates. The vaults are in the two walls, which are covered from top to bottom on the inner side with inscriptions, sculptures and flowers. It is all very carefully kept, and there were a number of people



PACO CEMETERY. — MANILA

there, busy arranging fresh flowers and replacing candles.

While we were eating dinner, on the last night of our stay, the two men of our party returned, dusty and travel-worn, from their two days' trip to Dagupan. They were full of enthusiasm, displaying hats, a real bolo, and other curiosities. I was so envious of their

having seen more of the interior than I had that they tried to console me by assuring me I would have been black and blue from head to foot from the long ride.

I was so loth to leave Manila that I would have postponed my departure if my courage had been equal to the transshipment alone at Hong Kong; but it could not stand that strain, and so I was one of those who saluted the Stars and Stripes as we passed under the walls of old Fort Santiago on the way down the river. A new building, on top of the old walls, is the headquarters of the United States Army of the Philippines. A moment later the long harbor wall built by the Americans to keep back the tide, — which overflowed the streets in the old days, — was rounded, and Manila vanished from our sight. Another minute and I was climbing the ladder to the Rubi.

It was interesting to watch the seven hundred and fifty-seven steerage passengers come on board. They were all Chinese. Two customs inspectors stood at the head of the ladder and pounced on them as they came on board, ran inquisitive fingers over them in search for concealed weapons, and opened the umbrellas they carried, — for each man had one, — sometimes a whole bundle of them. Wasn't that odd? Well, those inspectors shook out every one of those umbrellas, opened their boxes and counted their money, and though they were lightning-like in rapidity, nothing escaped them.

The ship was to sail at half past nine, but did not move until one o'clock. Then began the most woeful time of my whole trip. I never want to hear of that boat again. The Chinese "boys" were cross; — no matter how old a Chinese steward is, he is dubbed

"boy". We did not get enough to eat. Some of the folks did not want to eat; but I did. The deck was too wet for comfort, and in the saloon it was impossible to keep out of a draught, and oh, the "stunts" that boat did perform! We had to hold on somewhere all the time, and then, after all our efforts to keep warm, what did the steward do but serve ice cream every morning at eleven o'clock, instead of the good hot broth for which even the sick ones longed. The very sight of that ice cream was enough to freeze the marrow of one's spinal column. It was so late at night when the Rubi got into Hong Kong bay that we could not go ashore until morning. Two of the party had been dreadfully sea-sick all the way from Manila; and altogether we were a most forlorn-looking lot when we landed.

## XIV

The P. and O. S. S. Malta.

**M**Y last letter had to come to an abrupt end; and I am writing now from the steamer on my way to Shanghai. I have slept on land only seven times since we left Penang, so you see I am having some experience of a sea-faring life. The Malta is almost as comfortable as the Macedonia was, and the food and attendance are of the best. But before I go on, I must tell you of the trip to Canton we took on reaching Hong Kong on the return from Manila. The Fengshaw, the Chinese river-boat on which we left Hong Kong at night for Canton, was very clean and well arranged, with large staterooms, almost like those on the Hudson River night-boats, and finished the ninety miles between Hong Kong and Canton during the night. When I awoke, we were at anchor in the middle of the river, and surrounded by a swarm of the most curious boats I had ever seen. We had such a "swell" guide that day; — a real Chinese gentleman in a long black broadcloth robe, and black satin shoes and cap! He spoke English well, and was dignity itself. The neatest of the Sam-pans crowding around came up to the gangway at his call, and I was glad to have a chance to see the inside of one of the boats in which thousands of Chinese spend their lives, — some of them never going on shore at all. We crawled under the bamboo roof in the middle of the one we inspected, and found that

an idol and some pictures decorated the wall. Women, children, cats, dogs, fowls and cooking apparatus filled the space at the ends. Pater familias evidently lives ashore, for the boat was managed by a woman, and an attractive picture she made, with her satin-smooth black hair, filled with a bright array of hairpins, her immaculately clean, if faded, blue linen jacket and trousers, and bare feet. She was the personification of grace, as she stood on the swaying plank in the middle of the boat and worked the single long oar projecting from the stern.

We landed at a stairway in a broad stone wall, in the Shameen, or foreign settlement. The walk along the river is very pretty. It is bordered by fine stone residences with trees and gardens. After a short walk through the "foreign" settlement, we crossed a bridge over a canal, and were in the Chinese city. Here our guide had sedan chairs in readiness, and our day in the maze of Canton's streets began.

The first place we visited was the hall of five hundred Genii, where five hundred figures represent the disciples of Buddha. They are quaint and amusing. All are made of plaster, made to represent gilt bronze, and each one is shaped to express the idea which it embodies. For example: one has a great many eyes, to signify that he could see everything; another, with extra long arms, could reach anywhere. We all shouted over the figure, dressed in so-called "foreign" clothes, that was introduced to us as Marco Polo, the great traveller. These figures are arranged on shelves around the walls, and on the tables which filled up nearly all the space in the middle of the room. In the very centre was a sort of a pagoda with a

divinity on each side. Beside this sat a priest beating a drum, while another walked around, saying prayers.

The Doctor Temple is near this hall, and is dedicated to the god of medicine. There are sixty idols there, and one prays for recovery before the idol whose number corresponds with his own age. If he be over sixty he must begin to count again. Numbered prescriptions are sold at this temple, and the would-be



A COURT OF THE ANCESTOR TEMPLE.—CANTON

purchaser selects a number at random from a vase, and the prescription corresponding with this number is then given him. The glory of the place is some wonderful carvings cut out of brick, and there is a collection of banners and standards that are carried in the procession when the idol is taken out.

Our guide was merciful, and took us to only two of



the hundred and twenty-four of Canton's temples, — the one just described, and the Ancestor Temple, where they showed us a huge board closely covered with little wooden ancestral tablets. I suppose they dated that family back to Noah! There was some good carving in the courtyard, where a well-dressed



IN THE ANCESTOR TEMPLE.—CANTON

lady was walking around with her child and nurse. The baby had on such a funny cap, with little fuzzy ears standing off on the side, just like the ears on a cat. I was smitten with longing to get a picture of the group: but the mother was so handsomely dressed that I feared she might feel insulted if I offered her money. I need have had no qualms; for on showing her the camera and a coin, she shook her head, indi-

cating that there must be two coins if the nurse and baby were included!

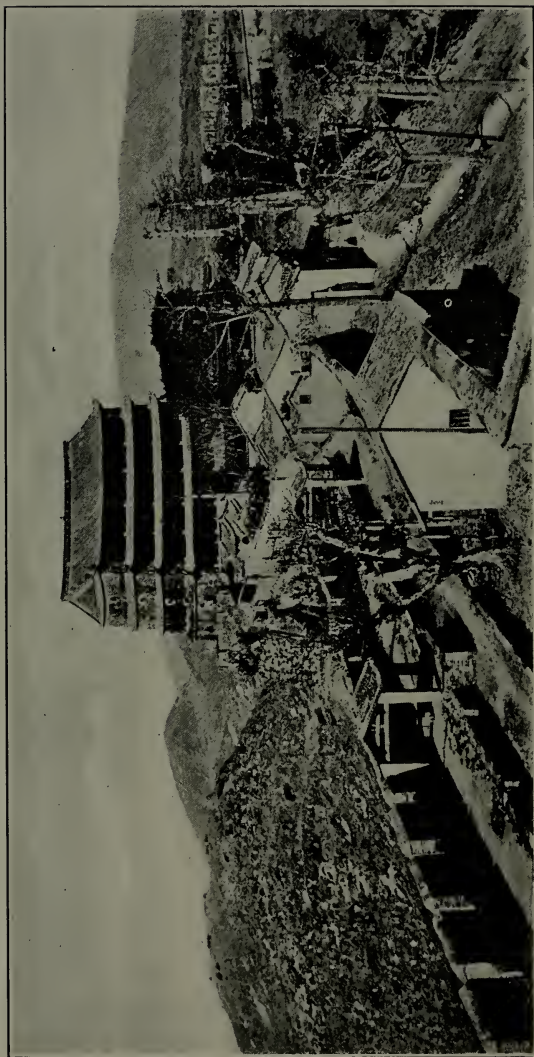
The Flowery Pagoda is nine stories high, and there are no flowers anywhere near it. It is only a tall white tower, at which we gazed from a courtyard at its base.

The "City of the Dead" was even more strange



OUR GUIDE IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD.—CANTON

than the cemetery at Manila, — being neither more nor less than streets of tiny one-roomed houses, all open in front. The room was divided into two compartments by a red curtain, which hides the huge black lacquer coffin. These houses rent for twenty-five dollars for the first three months; after that the rate is reduced. Tea, cakes, fruit, and the favorite food of the dead, renewed each morning, are laid out



THE FIVE-STORIED PAGODA. — CANTON

on a table in front of the curtain, and a wash-stand with water and towels occupies one corner. Life-sized papier-maché servants are in readiness to wait on the spirit, and strings of paper prayers hang on the walls. We were shown one coffin that had been there for a hundred years. This little picture shows our guide on a street in this City of the Dead.

I climbed a flight of steps to see the Water Clock. It is five hundred years old, and consists of several copper vessels placed one above another on platforms. A float with an indicator rises in the lowest vessel as the water flows in, and thus shows the time.

The ascent to the Five-Storied Pagoda is very long and steep. We went part way up on foot, and were glad to have the sedan chairs take us the rest of the way. Arrived at the door, our guide said we would better go up to the Temple on the top floor for our luncheon, as the tea and cakes they had for sale up there were very good. There were four long flights to be climbed, and they were more difficult to mount than any I had ever seen before. They do not know how to build stairways in the East; the steps are made so high and narrow. Our tea and cakes were served on a table at the foot of the altar, where we ate, with idols all around us. From the outside verandah the yamens of the Governor and Tartar General were pointed out.

It is the streets that make Canton the most curious city in the world. They are so narrow that I was sure I could touch the walls on either side as I was carried along in my sedan chair; but every little movement on my part drew such fierce scowls from my three bearers that I gave up the attempt to see how far I could reach,

and spent the day wondering what would happen if our procession of sedan chairs were to meet another procession coming from the other direction. We did



AT THE FOOT OF THE FIVE-STORIED PAGODA.—CANTON

meet a wedding procession, gay with banners and a red bridal car, and in order to see it we left the chairs and mingled with the crowd, but, except for the bridal car, the procession was all on foot.

In some of the streets the house roofs nearly met overhead, and everywhere the space above the street was filled with huge red and gold signs. I have a permanent twist in my neck, contracted in my efforts to take in all the strange sights. In one street there was nothing but clocks, — American clocks, too. Another street was given over to fruit, vegetables and nuts, in greatest variety, all clean and nicely arranged. Then came a region full of butchers' shops, where halved fowls and pigs, roasted, or bleached whole to an unearthly whiteness, hung mingled with dried "rats" and entrails of animals. There were heaps of dried fish, tubs of water filled with living fish from which slices had been cut, and barrels of curious little brown things, no doubt the dried cockroaches which they say the Chinese call "velly good".

We met many men with tubs of water hanging from a pole carried across the shoulder. I was so thankful I was not on foot; and heaved a great sigh of thankfulness when we left these horrors and came to the streets of the furniture makers, where there was an endless array of beautiful things made of ebony, carved, or inlaid with pearl. Crowds of people, everywhere, flattened themselves against the wall as we came along. I grew very weary of the yellow faces staring so boldly and curiously, and began to understand what I had heard of the hatred of the Chinese for the foreigner. All day the men scowled at us menacingly; the women seemed to take a great fancy to something on my hat, they pointed at it everywhere I went. I suppose I shall never know what it was that attracted them, — those black feathers, or the gilt buckle?



I wish you could have gone with us into the little dark den where a patient creature was weaving wonderful silk brocade, and into the silk and linen stores, where our chairs stopped before a barred door in a blank stone wall. The wooden bars flew back as some one inside pulled the string of some curious mechanism, and we were conducted into a room, lighted from the ceiling, and adorned with potted plants. Around the walls were presses, from which the silks and embroideries were taken, unwrapped from the white paper in which they were kept, and spread out on a table for our inspection. We found, however, that Hong Kong was a better place for shopping; having a greater variety at more reasonable prices. As we emerged from the last store, a procession was seen approaching, and our guide informed us the Tartar General was coming. He had such a shabby retinue! Half a dozen soldiers led the way; then came a man on a forlorn old nag, followed by the great man himself in a close sedan chair; then more soldiers; and such unmartial-looking creatures as those soldiers were I never saw. If it had not been for their uniforms I should have taken them for a rabble. This finished our day, and we went back to the Fengshaw. The next morning saw us in Hong Kong again, revelling in the lovely Botanical Garden on the hill, where the flower beds are full of the dear home flowers, pansies, geraniums, and candytuft. Thick-leaved rubber trees shaded the winding walks from which there were lovely views of the bay. Then followed a jinrickisha ride to Happy Valley, where there is a race course, golf links, and cricket grounds. The surrounding hillsides are covered with cemeteries, — Parsee, Moham-



medan, Roman Catholic, and Protestant, — rather a sad setting that for recreation grounds!

Hong Kong's flower market was a joy, — a riot of color and fragrance heaped on the pavement just below the corkscrew stairway that led up to our hotel door. I carried away an armful of mignonette, for which they asked only five cents! Late in the after-



THE FLOWER MARKET.—HONG KONG

noon we came on board the Malta. It has been growing colder as we get farther north, and all the way it has been foggy. I was writing in the saloon, night before last, when a queer bumping and grating began, and the Malta ceased to move. We had reached the mouth of the Whangpoa or Woosung river, and our careful captain had anchored, on account of the thick fog. As it did not lift until the next afternoon, we

did not move until then, when we came up the river with the tide, to anchor again about ten o'clock. The Malta does not go any further up the river, and we are to be taken off by another boat some time this morning.

## XV

Foochow.

AFTER waiting impatiently on the Malta, until the middle of the morning, a small steamer came down from Shanghai for us, and after a two hours' sail up the river we were landed at the quay. The wind was strong and bitterly cold, and the banks of the deserted river not attractive, so every one crowded into the cabin. Molly's brother met us at the quay and I was glad to leave him to put my baggage through the custom house, and hurry along to the warm comfortable quarters already engaged at a pleasant boarding house. It seemed to me that I had never felt the cold so much before, but that was to be expected, coming from the tropics.

Shanghai was so raw and cold that we were all homesick, and almost willing to take the first steamer for America. The "folks" were all tired, and did not feel like going out in the cold unless they had to go shopping. They would not let me go alone, so I saw very little of Shanghai before coming down here. But as I am to return, there is time enough for that later.

The evening we started for Foochow a gentle rain was falling, and it had been raining all day. As my jinrickisha man trotted along through the wet streets with me on the way to the river-boat, I was alternately filled with pleasure at the picturesque bits I caught as I went along and with fear lest I lose the rest of the party in the dark. The swinging paper lanterns car-

ried by the coolies lent spots of light and color to the little puddles on the pavement, and turned my coolie's naked, swiftly-moving limbs to bronze. There were four in our party this time, — Mrs. and Miss Gray, Dr. Van, and myself. We had a good deal of trouble to find the right boat. The coolies, evidently thinking any boat would do, took us wrong twice; and at last, after much wandering back and forth on the river bank, we left our jinrickishas and followed Dr. Van and the bobbing paper lanterns across a bridge into the tiny cabin of the little Chinese steamer, half freight and half passenger boat. The staterooms were the size of pill boxes, and the berths so low that I raised several new lumps on my cranium. The dining table filled up most of the saloon, where an upholstered seat at one end was all the luxury the steamer afforded. Only coast steamers, or those devoted mainly to the carrying of freight, ply between Shanghai and Foo-chow, and they have no fixed date for their sailings. When he is ready to start, the captain sends out word to waiting passengers; and even then he makes what changes he sees fit, no matter if the passengers are already on board. Mr. Brown spent a day and night on board before his boat even had its anchor up. We, however, were more fortunate, as we went on board in the evening and sailed some time during the night, proceeding at the rate of ten miles an hour in a calm sea. Shut up in the tiny cabin, with nothing to do but read, the three days seemed almost interminable to us. Still we were not exactly joyful to have the "boy" wake us at half past six on the fourth morning, to be ready for an eight o'clock breakfast, just as the boat came to an anchor. After a while a sailboat

came out from the village on the shore, with two ladies and a gentleman on board for whom we had brought mail. The ladies returned to the shore, but Mr. Hinman stayed to accompany us up to the city.

Foochow is on the Min river, thirty miles from the sea, and the steamers stop when within ten miles of the city. The Government so fears the foreign warships that it is unwilling to deepen the river for the use of large vessels, and the ten miles to the city are accomplished by sail or rowboat. We went up in a steam launch, and I sat on the engine platform, bundled in wrappings, during the two hours' sail up the Chinese Rhine. On coming near the city we were so surrounded by a swarm of junks that one could scarcely see a foot of clear water ahead. There were hundreds, — no, thousands of them, all filled with women and children. Those near us looked very clean and attractive. The Foochow boat women have a distinctive style of hair-dressing. The coil at the back ends in a cone tipped with a brass ornament, and the style of the hairpins is startling to a stranger. They wear three broad silver blades, shaped like dinner knives, standing far out on each side of the head. Many of the women wear an embroidered band around the hair, but this seemed to be confined to the elderly ladies. Huge silver hoops were the favorite fashion in ear-rings.

Pushing its way slowly ahead, our boat at last worked its way up to the wharf. On landing, we were put into sedan chairs, and kind Dr. Hinman saw us all safely to our places of abode. An old college friend of mine is my hostess; and with two lovely rooms all to myself, it has been great fun to unpack and arrange

my things. This is such a pretty house with its wide verandahs, decorated with huge ferns in pots; the rooms are large and lofty, and there is a lovely garden.

I have a beautiful view from the four windows of my outside room. They are all in a row, and I love to stand there and watch the little girls of the Mission School play ball down below. They do not throw the ball back and forth as we do, but try to see how long they can keep it bounding up and down, whirling round and round on their little trousered legs, bouncing it as they go. Then, when I tire of the children, there is the interest of watching the travellers picking their way along the banks between the distant fields. There are no roads in China.

Speaking of children, the little tots in the kindergarten are the "cutest", funniest little things in their gay flowered tunics and trousers, — and so fat they could hardly wobble through the games.

I have been taken to visit a class of the large girls, to tell them something about how the deaf are taught. They were so bright and interested. The Chinese are just awakening to the knowledge that the deaf can be taught, and that their affliction is not the work of evil spirits. Among the millions of China's swarming population there must be a great many deaf people. Talk of a crowd! You folks back home can have no idea of the people here. There's no getting away from them, everywhere one goes the very air seems full of eyes. And not only does the land teem with the living; it is overrun with tokens of those who have lived. Graves cover the land everywhere, with their little brick walls and tile roofs. The brown paper money

placed upon them for the use of the dead is kept constantly renewed.

The dust in India irritated my throat badly and it has been troublesome ever since; and as I am tired out, I am taking needed rest here with a Chinese Doctor, a graduate of the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, who is treating my throat. The bright yellow silk ornament she wears in her hair looks very cheerful, and she tells me interesting stories about her hospital. The Chinese Amah who makes my fire and brings up my breakfast is a dear old thing with a whole handful of silver blades in her shiny black tresses, and her bare feet thrust into embroidered slippers. She tries hard to talk to me, but I cannot make her understand even with the sign language. Perhaps you are wondering why the women and girls here wear trousers. They say it is to deceive evil spirits into the belief that they are men, so that when they swoop down to carry away a valuable man they may get a good-for-nothing woman instead. Nice for the women, isn't it?

One of the great events of my stay in Foochow was the dinner party given me by my hostess. She had promised me a real Chinese dinner, and when the important day came, bringing a number of the foreign ladies of Foochow, we gathered around the long table, set out in Chinese fashion without table cloth, napkins, knives, or forks. Each person had a large China spoon with a short handle and a pair of chop sticks. Course after course followed one another with bewildering rapidity; each of them was to be eaten with that spoon or the chop sticks. Everything was brought on in little bowls, — the kind that tip over easily, — and



as the contents were largely liquid you can imagine the laughter as we splashed the contents over the table, in our efforts to get hold of something, — anything, — with those two little wooden sticks, the spoon with short handle being almost as difficult to manage. The few who were expert in their use had their hands full in teaching the rest of us. One of the Chinese ladies translated the menu into English for me, afterward. Among other delicacies in the eighteen courses were lily pads, stewed mushrooms and birds'-nest soup.

Molly and Frank have been on a trip inland, from which they returned a few days ago. They went up the river, taking their bamboo sedan chairs with them, as, unless one goes on foot, this is the only way to travel inland in China. They took their own cook along also, but of course they slept at the Chinese inns and had many novel experiences. Molly's brother was married at the United States Consulate last night. The Consul gave the bride away. The house was a bower of flowers; there were pretty gowns, delicious refreshments, — everything that goes to make up a beautiful wedding "back home". There was nothing Chinese about it, except that the bride and groom went away in sedan chairs, amidst a fusillade of fire crackers.

The day set for our trip to the Kushan Monastery dawned dark and gloomy, but we started in the hope that it might clear up. Molly, her two little girls, and I in chairs, Frank, Elsie, Mr. and Mrs. Mae and an elderly Chinese gentleman on foot. This famous Monastery is on the Kushan Mountain, the pride of Foochow. It is several miles away on the other side

of the river. On reaching the river, our chairs were lashed to the roof of one boat, their bearers and the two men in charge of our luncheon were put inside, and the rest of us crowded into another boat, sitting wedged together on the floor of the tiny cabin, whose roof and walls were made of bamboo matting. Fans, and an idol with its votive flowers, decked the walls. Our oarsmen were women, three of them, who rowed with a long easy sweep. The river is so wide that it took them an hour and a half to reach the other side, when we were borne along single file on narrow ridges of land above wet rice fields, through one forlorn village after another, where, as I was being carried along, I looked through the open doors of the houses into dark comfortless rooms with the earth for a floor. The streets were paved with huge flat stones, broken and irregularly placed, slippery with mud and slime. My bearers had to pick their way very carefully. I was glad to begin the ascent of the mountain and get away from the horrible smell. Most of the way, the ascent is up a long stairway of stone slabs, twisting along in a gradual upward climb. We stopped many times, to let the bearers rest and to have tea. The priests offered tea at each of the many shrines that dotted the way. This mountain is over three thousand feet high, and the Monastery is a little more than half way up. We left our chairs there, and after watching the sacred carp in a fish pond fight for the food we threw out for them, we went on foot up a winding path to a beautiful glen where a little summer house was hidden away. Its upper story was a perfect copy of the deck of a boat with its cabin. Our luncheon was spread on deck, and we were in the midst of it when a light

shower began, and our table had to be moved back under the eaves, amid much merriment. Luncheon over, we made our way back to the Monastery, to wander through its courts and peep into its places of worship, the largest of which was hung with tablets, and had its floor covered with kneeling stools for the three hundred yellow-robed disciples of Buddha who worship there. The Abbott received us in his study, and gave our two little girls oranges. They obeying their mother's instructions, responded by shaking hands with themselves in proper Chinese style, which delighted him exceedingly. Just as we came out of his room the black cloud that had been hovering over the top of the mountain broke into rain, so we had to hasten our departure. The rain fell more heavily every moment while we were descending, and by the time the boats were reached it was a deluge, which continued until we were safely home. The three men who carried me all day asked only sixty cents for the day, twenty cents apiece. Molly, who was born in Foochow and understands the dialects, says that one of the bearers asked her if I could speak both English and American, thinking that a wonderful feat. Isn't that funny!

#### SHANGHAI AGAIN

Dusk was just falling when our tender sailed away from the dock at Foochow, and we saw the last of the little band that had come down to see us off. The piercing cold wind on the river drove us into the shelter of the cabin. It was quite dark by the time the boat swung around to the gangway of the steamer. Our party had gathered strength numerically, and now included Frank, Molly, her sister Elsie, Buddie, his

two little sisters, and their Foochow amah, besides the two Grays and myself; and on board we found two elderly gentlemen from New York who were making



CHINESE BEGGARS

a tour of the world. The steamer was the one on which I had come down, and we filled every inch of space in its five staterooms. Words fail me in describing the dullness of the voyage. Even those not

actually sea-sick kept their berths, and the three little ones all had the whooping cough. They were very jolly about it, amusing themselves happily with their toys between paroxysms of coughing in which their father flew to their assistance, both mother and nurse being too ill to lift a head. The deck was wet, and crowded with freight and Chinese, so there was nothing for it but to stay in my stateroom or the saloon, where, three times a day, the Chinese steward cleared our things off the table to get ready for meals. On the third day the patient little engine broke down, the anchor was put out, and there we stayed for hours while it was being repaired. When at last it was started up again, the captain promised to land us at Shanghai at noon the next day; but two hours later the anchor was dropped again, and we remained there all night, moving on once more in the morning, when it was announced that we would reach the wharf at Shanghai between four and five o'clock. The sick ones revived at the news, and we were all thrilled with excitement at the prospect of being released from our prison. Frank and Molly, being anxious to catch the boat for the north and proceed on their trip to Peking that night, had their trunks brought up to the saloon from the hold, and went to work to repack. Meanwhile, the boat crawled up the river, and finally came to anchor at half past six. And then, instead of going up to the dock, it came to a stop in the middle of the river. We were much disgusted as we had a mountain of hand baggage, our trunks, the wedding cake in its huge tin box, and several carved tables, bought in Foochow, to be loaded into rowboats, as well as three little ones and ourselves, — and this

just as it was getting dark! The decks swarmed with Chinese, pushing, jostling, and gesticulating wildly. I was nearly swept off my feet as I went down the swaying ladder to the boats, clinging to the guard rope. To add to my fright, the man who carried my hand baggage insisted on putting it into an empty boat, in direct disobedience to my gestures to put it into the boat with the Grays. I could do nothing with him, and was at last obliged to go with the Grays and leave my baggage to its fate. It was quite dark by the time our boat touched the wharf, where Molly and the rest of them were waiting to pull us up; but where were the two gentlemen who had promised to see that the Gray's trunks and mine were brought up from the hold and landed. No one had seen or heard anything of them. We dared not leave the wharf for fear of missing them, and the men would not go and leave us three women there all alone. After a long wait in the dark and cold, Frank decided to call for a rowboat and go back to the steamer to see if he could find them. — Another wait. Then Molly heard his cheery whistle over the water. What a welcome we gave him when he landed with the four trunks. He said the two gentlemen had forgotten all about us, and had decided to remain on board for the night. Their consternation was great when they heard how we had waited for them. We made quite a procession when we finally got started. There was the carriage with Molly; Elsie, the children and their amah, four jinrickishas with the rest of us, an additional jinrickisha with baggage, and a wheelbarrow with the four trunks. As the Grays and I had to go very slowly to keep with the wheelbarrow, the others soon left us far behind.

You can imagine how welcome the light and warmth were when the boarding house was reached.

Now I am here alone with strangers, as Molly, Frank, and the Grays left yesterday for Pekin. They are taking only two weeks for the journey, going and returning, with less than two days for the stay in Pekin. I am tired of so much travelling, and have cabled to Harry and Mary to ask if they can meet me at Nagasaki if I sail next week. In the meantime I am trying to get a new suit and hat. I think I have looked over every bit of "foreign" goods in Shanghai, and inspected every "foreign" hat. So far as I can discover, there are exactly four ready-made wool suits in Shanghai. You should see me going out on a shopping expedition. After reading all the advertisements in the local paper and in the Shanghai guide book, I write out a list of the places I want to visit, and take it to the Chinese head clerk in the book store on the first floor of this house. He goes out in the street with me, and when, in answer to his call, a half dozen jinrickisha men rush up, he picks out the best-looking one in the lot, proceeds to instruct him, and then stands back, looking doubtful, for the coolies invariably say "yes", whether they understand or not. I get in, and away I go. When I want to stop anywhere I poke at my steed with my umbrella. Of course I do not go to any of the Chinese stores alone, — only to the French or English shops. They are not far from here. Shanghai has a French, German and English concession, as well as the native city; and if your jinrickisha man does not happen to have a license for the French concession, and you want, as I did, to go to the steamship office, which is on its edge, it



would be necessary for you to leave your jinrickisha and walk over.

Shanghai, like Manila, comes as a surprise. It is such a fine well-built place. The Yangtse river flows through it, with the broad Bund curving along its banks. There are trees and grass at the water's edge; and the foreign steamers, lying at anchor along the middle of the stream, make me think of a water parade, they are so decked with flags and streamers.

The weather has become more spring-like than it was when I was here before. It is quite like our April, but the Chinese are still wearing the quilted robes that make them look like so many bundles of bedding. I like to watch the wheelbarrows, with their loads of people. The coolies who push them have such wonderful dexterity. At first I feared lest they tip over, but now I am more resigned, knowing that the garments of the occupants are too thickly wadded to allow them to be hurt. These wheelbarrows are like nothing else on earth! People sit on shelves on either side of a single large wheel, and miraculously keep their equilibrium as they are pushed tip-tilting along!

I cannot become accustomed to the sight of a swarm of coolies acting as dray horses, pushing, pulling and tugging to move huge blocks of stone and other heavy loads through the streets. It is all man-labor here. The big Sikh policemen who stand in the road and regulate traffic in the English city have a great fascination for me. I nearly twist my head off every time I pass one, trying to see how his long whiskers are twisted up into his back hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last I have succeeded in getting some checked

woolen goods for my suit, and the boarding house people sent for a Chinese tailor for me. He came promptly, an intelligent-looking creature with long genteel finger nails, and gave me a bad half hour, for it was quite impossible to tell how much he understood. I showed him pictures in the fashion book, showed him how my gowns were made, gave him my jacket to use as a pattern, and am hoping for the best.

Elsie, who keeps house for her brother, a professor at Nan Yang College, the non-sectarian Chinese college in the country six miles from Shanghai, invited me out there to take luncheon and see the play for the benefit of the Famine Fund. The people here said that that was too far for a jinrickisha man and that I must have a carriage, so I had them engage a coupé. When the time to start came, every one in the house at the time came down to see me off, and all exclaimed at the miserable-looking horse, insisting he would die before we had gone half way. The interpreter was instructed to tell the driver he must change it for a better one. He insisted that it was the best he had. They argued for a long while, till finally he agreed to change the horse; and to save time it was arranged that I should go along and sit in the carriage while the transfer was made, the livery being only three squares away. So in I got, and my wily coachman drove away and up to the stable, where, instead of changing the horse, he turned around and started for Nan Yang. As I knew it would be useless to remonstrate, I held my peace and waited to see what happened. The brute, however, developed a surprising speed and endurance, so I settled down to enjoy the ride.

You never saw anything as crooked as these Chinese streets. The Chinese say the evil spirits always fly straight, and if they bump into walls they will get frightened and leave the city. The Bund and Nanking Road are the only wide streets with any pretense of straightness that I have seen yet, and they do not keep it up far. But Shanghai's crooked streets soon gave way to country roads. Out in the country the trees were beginning to bud, and vegetation to break into spring glory; but the air was cold and raw, and the little brick tombs with their high pitched roofs, which cover so much of the ground, give a depressing aspect to the landscape. I was glad when we turned into the gateway of the college grounds. Bud and his sisters were as interesting as ever, and Elsie even more attractive. The hours sped all too fast, till the time came to go over to the Li Hung Chang Memorial Temple to see the play. Quite a little party of us "foreigners", together with the Chinese students, made up the audience. The actors, who were also students, wore the foreign clothes. There was no scenery. The students seemed to enjoy the play very much, but I could not make out its plot, — the play bill being in Chinese, — and those around me to whom I applied were no better off. Elsie understands Chinese, but she was not able to come. As I went out, I stopped for a good look at the life-size bronze statue of Li Hung Chang, the first statue ever erected to any Chinaman.

The tailor has brought home some of my things. The skirts look quite nice, but the shirt-waist is a sight to behold, its yoke and collar are so funny. However,

if it is difficult to get clothes here, it is in no way difficult to get them laundered. Think of having six shirtwaists beautifully done up for ten cents!

### On Board the Mongolia.

Well, here I am on my way to Nagasaki. The cable from Mary come in time for me to secure a state-room on this boat, — a lovely one too, on the upper deck, — a corner room with port holes on each side, like a watch tower. It is steam-heated and very comfortable. For roommate, I have a young girl from Formosa who is on her way in charge of her brother to a boarding school in England.

How it did rain the day I left Shanghai! The tender sailed at three o'clock, and of course I had all packed up early. But the tailor did not come with my things until the last minute. The men were already waiting to carry my trunks down. Mr. Evans and my dear friend Jean, who had just arrived from Foochow, went down to the dock with me, where we found Elsie, her brother, and his bride, who had driven six miles in the rain. They thought it very forlorn for me to be going all alone, and among them they hunted up some half dozen people who all promised to help me. The sun came out just at the last moment, so, as the tender steamed away, I could look back on them standing in the sunset light, its glory like a benediction on their heads. Later, I found some old friends from far-away Gloversville on the steamer.

## XVI

Nagasaki, Japan.

**A**T last I am in Japan, the land that has been the object of my dreams for so long, and it is even more fascinating than I had expected to find it. I am hardly willing to eat or sleep, I am so anxious to see everything, even to all the little knickknacks in the shops. The very air fills me with vivid joy of life, and it is so delightful to be with Harry and Mary. They have put their fifteen years in the country to the best advantage. They know everything about it,—its language, customs and manufactures, cities and by-ways. And they are never too busy to answer questions.

It was a glorious morning when the Mongolia sailed up Nagasaki's narrow winding harbor to anchor in sight of the town. The ship was immediately surrounded by a swarm of small boats, and the decks filled with curio dealers, hotel runners and men fixing the rope ladders from the coaling boats. The Mongolia was to take on coal before proceeding to Kobe. The coaling is done by girls, who line upon the ladder and pass baskets from hand to hand with most wonderful rapidity. They put in nearly four hundred tons an hour it is said. The decks were thronged with eager Japanese, all bent on ensnaring the tourists' money. Here a couple of hotel runners were kowtowing to an old lady, who, unused to Japanese politeness, looked scared half out of her wits. A little

further on, a different kind of deportment was shown by, — I am sorry to say it, — a fair young country-woman of mine. One of the Japanese who had come over the ship's side to arrange a rope ladder for a coal-ing boat was rude to her, and she slapped him in the face. I had just turned away from this scene, when I caught sight of Harry and Mary in a boat below. How good it was to go off the steamer into real Spring, the air was so soft and mild and such a contrast to Shanghai. We climbed hills and turned corners in the quaintest narrow streets, where each bright-eyed little native we met exchanged a series of most profound bows with Mary, while I stood by wide-eyed. Finally, in turning another corner, we came plump on a real white New England house, all alone among its brown foreign neighbors. This was where we were to board with an American. The drawing room is full of treasures in carved furniture, bronzes and porcelains. My bedroom is gained by an outside gallery, where there is a fine view of the quaint little houses clustered on the hillside and in the valley below, with a glimpse of distant blue water, and all around, as background to the picture, are hills, and again more hills. Nagasaki is beautifully situated. I was rushing for my kodak, when Mary stopped me by saying it was against the law to take photographs. What a shame, when the place is so picturesque! Its harbor is reputed to be one of the prettiest in the East. The city has a heterogeneous population. Mary and I counted ten nationalities besides the Japanese; there were Russian, Polish, Dutch, Portuguese, Chinese, Korean, Norwegian, French, English and American.

The streets are very clean, and well kept, with good

hard roads in the level part of the city; those that wind in terraces up the hill sides are many of them paved with stone slabs, and each terrace is carefully banked with stone work. It is simply fascinating to ride through the streets and watch the life there,—little boys and girls running about at play, with babies almost as big as themselves strapped on their backs. Sometimes baby has a dolly on its back, and the tier of little heads, rising one behind another, is too amusing! Then there are workmen with the insignia of their trade stamped on the backs of their blue tunics, and flocks of school girls and boys. These school girls, with their rosy cheeks, bright black eyes and shining hair, are very pretty. They wear their hair very much as our girls at home do,—in a pompadour and braid, tied with ribbon. One can always tell the Japanese school boys and girls by their dress. The boys all wear a sort of divided skirt, a cloth cap with a visor, and the Japanese geta, or wooden shoes with no stockings. The girls wear a pleated skirt, red or purple, and either foreign shoes and stockings or the Japanese low white stocking and wooden clogs. They look very fresh and sweet as they trot gaily along, usually a whole flock of them together. Harry and Mary have a little rest from my questions when we ride out, for we are in separate jinrickishas, and, as we are obliged by law to keep in single file, I cannot speak to them without bringing our whole procession to a halt. Whether from accident or design I do not know, but it is always Mary that heads our procession, then comes myself and Harry brings up in the rear. I can admire the pretty color of Mary's back hair, and, by dint of much squirming, get far enough around to take



in Harry's ever-serene expression; but as for companionship, I must resign myself to jog along, seeing everything I possibly can. Oh, for a dozen eyes!

Japanese jinrickishas are the most attractive I have seen anywhere. They are all so new and fresh-looking, and have nice warm rugs, as the law requires. The men also look neat in their dark blue tunics and the long tight-fitting blue trousers that meet the blue tabi at the ankle. The long sleeves of the tunic come down over the hand, protecting the wearer's hands from sunburn. The slim, dark blue figures are topped by a bowl-like hat, held on the head by a wire framework. These jinrickisha men are invariably polite and obliging. They always wait to see that one is comfortably seated and snugly tucked in before starting off, and when one leaves the jinrickisha, they take care of the wraps and parcels.

My first long jinrickisha ride was to Moji, ten miles away on the gulf of Obama, along muddy rice fields and beside thickets of graceful bamboo, with lovely distant views of Nagasaki and its harbor. Every step of the way was full of interest. I peeped into the quaint little houses we passed, made love to the women and children, gazed with interest on the peddler loaded with gaily colored glass lamps, remembering that one of the first things Harry and Mary did, on reaching Japan fifteen years ago, was to write me to buy and send them some lamps. Electric lighting is now common all over the country.

Half way to Moji our jinrickisha men came to a halt at the Tea-house at Tajami. While our men were resting, I had my first experience of Japanese tea. We strolled into a pretty arbor, where a bright-faced girl

brought us a little tray, with tiny bowls of the clear greenish liquid, and little paper-like rice cakes. Mary instructed me in the proper etiquette. No money should be offered, as that would be insulting, but some small change may be tucked under the tray. In former days this was always wrapped in a piece of paper, but etiquette is not so strict now. At Moji we had more tea, and walked down to the end of the long stone pier. Then we came back again to Nagasaki.

The hill sides back of this house are covered with graves. From July 13th to 15th, when the spirits of the dead are supposed to return to earth, the graves are lighted up with lanterns. The little twinkling lights all over the hills must look very pretty. These hills are also the scenes of great kite-flying contests in the spring, when men and boys of all ages try to cut down each others' kites with strings coated with powdered glass.

I am to go with Harry and Mary to their home at Kagoshima, a three days' journey by train, small steamer, and, best of all a drive of over seventy miles in a native stage, all through a most beautiful country, where foreigners are seldom seen. The folks here tell me I am very fortunate.

#### 61 Kasuga Cho, Kagoshima.

We reached here about eight o'clock last night. I enjoyed the trip hugely. We did not come by the most direct route, and broke the journey by spending Sunday at Kumanoto. It was raining when we left the boarding house at Nagasaki, and as I am so tall I cannot see anything when the hood of the jinrickisha is up except the water-proofed back and rapidly moving

legs of my jinrickisha man, who looks like a roll of matting out walking, as Japanese raincoats are made of straw, just like a strip of matting fringed out. One of these strips goes around the waist, another around the neck, and there he is! To watch this bundle moving was amusement enough. Finally it came to a stop, and put the handles of the big baby-carriage on the ground. I was taken by surprise, and slid down and out, to find myself in front of the Kyushu Railway Station. The few Japanese in the waiting-room looked at us in amazement, and no wonder, — we had such an assortment of bundles, bags and boxes, — over twenty for the four of us. I wondered how we were going to get them all on board. I had not learned what travelling with Harry meant. Our belongings miraculously appeared exactly when and where they should; there was never any fuss or flurry; the necessary jinrickishas, or boats, or whatever it was that was needed, sprang up around us, and in the midst moved Harry, — serene, and blandly smiling.

The train came, and our second-class car was, I found, like the cars at home, except that the seats run lengthwise, and we were the only foreigners. As far as Tosu Junction, where we changed cars, the route lay through most beautiful scenery, much of it along Omura Bay, which is famous for its beauty. On leaving the bay we sped through numerous pretty valleys where the land was terraced all the way up, each terrace being banked with neat stonework, and utilized as a rice or barley field. Some of the fields were of scarcely any size at all, and all of them were of irregular shapes. Harry said there was not one square field in all Japan.

When our lunch basket was opened, the train boy brought us hot tea. That boy was a marvel; he watched over the comfort of every one in the car, opened and closed windows, adjusted the blinds, tucked rugs around the people, and warned them when to be ready to get off.

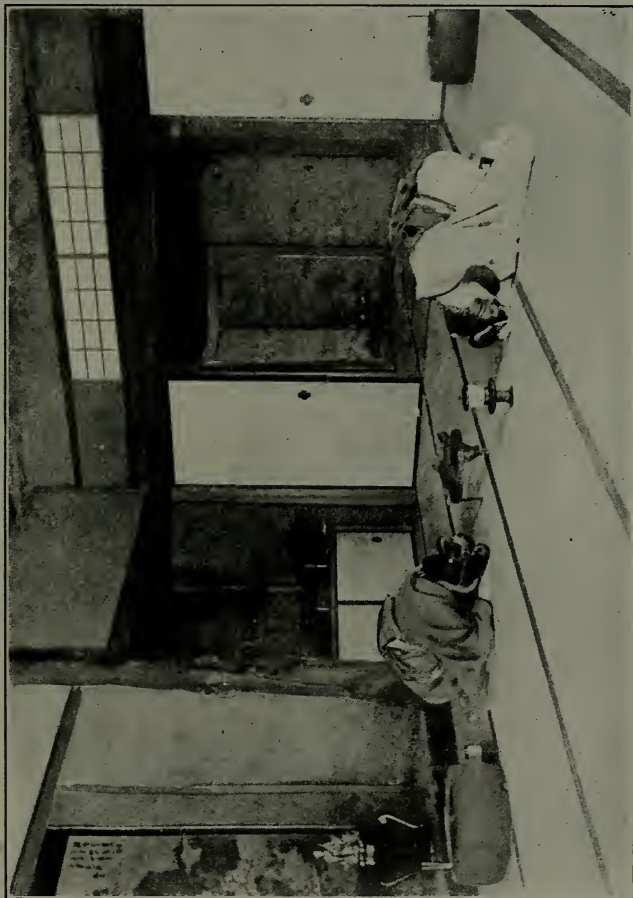
It was intensely amusing to watch the people come into the car, take off the clogs or foreign shoes they wore, and climb up on the seats with their feet tucked up under them. Several of the women opened large bordered handkerchiefs, and holding them delicately by one corner in front of their faces, sat thus for hours. This, and the long rows of shoes or clogs along the floor, were irresistibly funny to me. The women all wore the Japanese dress, but the men and boys were divided in their allegiance.

When we changed cars, the boy opened the window and passed the luggage out to a red-capped porter, who carried it around to the right train and helped the boy there to arrange it in the car. At five o'clock we finished our first day's journey. We had reached Kumanoto, where I was to have my first experience of a Japanese inn. I was all excitement, and, as my jinrickisha man trotted along, watched eagerly for the house. It was not at all as I had expected. We turned in at a gate in a high board fence, and all three jinrickishas drew up in line at the steps before an open door. Immediately a trio of bright-eyed maidens appeared, bowing to the floor, and presenting slippers. Down on the steps sat Harry and Mary. Wondering what was to happen next I bestowed myself beside them, and was amazed and horrified to have my jinrickisha man begin to unbutton my shoes. On look-

ing around and finding the others were undergoing the same process, and taking it as a matter of course, I tried to act as if I had been brought up to that kind of thing. I had a great time trying to shuffle along on those slippers, which were nothing but sole and toe. In most ungraceful fashion I crawled up the break-neck stairs, — they do not know how to build stairs here any better than in India, — and, reaching a little window-seat in the room to which we were conducted, I sank down on it, feeling like an elephant. Mary, coming in, exclaimed "you are sitting on the mantlepiece!" There was not a sign of furniture in the two rooms they gave us, except flat silk cushions and a beautiful bronze brazier. They made haste to bring all the foreign chairs in the house up for us, but as they were all of the high straight-backed variety, I preferred to remain on the "mantel piece". The walls were formed of sliding screens of white paper, and there was a little gallery around outside. We were hardly in the room before a maid appeared on her knees with a tray with tea. She came into the room on her knees, pushing the tray on before.

She was followed by another girl, with a tray containing a beautiful lacquer dish of marshmallows. This inn advertised "European food" and they brought us a dinner of steak, roast sweet potatoes, bean salad, with slices of ham, and rice served from a new wooden tub. We had our own bread, and Harry made excellent coffee with a shiny new coffee pot he had bought in Nagasaki. He had a can of ground coffee, and heated the water on the brazier, where there were four little supports just large enough to hold the kettle

over the bed of live coals. The dinner was served on trays, one for each person. These trays had little



INSIDE AN INN.—CEREMONY OF GREETING

feet, a few inches long, and were placed on the floor. I found it in no way easy to kneel, or rather sit, for

I could not kneel in proper Japanese style, beside that tray and eat. The Japanese maid who presided over the rice tub had great fun over my awkwardness with my knees, but was kind enough to commend my dexterity with the chop sticks. After the dinner had been removed, the Japanese showed us how to make paper hair strings, a bunch of which, in black and white, hung from the knob on one side of my tiny looking-glass. She took a piece of white paper, the same as that from which the wall screens were made, — the folks called it “panes of window glass” — and twisted it up into a long thin cord, which I found almost unbreakable. The black ones are painted with black lacquer paint. Then she did up Mary’s hair in a butterfly bow with only the cord to hold it, not a single hairpin.

We were now ready for bed, and several more maidens appeared with quilts. As we were foreigners we were allowed three each. Mary had brought sheets and pillows; for covering there was another thick Japanese quilt. This made a very comfortable bed, as the floors are covered with thick soft mats, or rather sections of matting, bound on the edges, and fitted tightly together like an inlaid floor. This is why one must not wear shoes in the house. The Japanese floor is really a bed and no one would think of walking on a bed with shoes on. Shoes are left on a rack at the outside door. It will be some time before I get used to leaving my treasured shoes outside, or to putting them on out there the last thing before going anywhere. Then, too, it takes a great deal of sangfroid to wash face and hands and clean one’s teeth at the sink in the courtyard. Mary took pity on me, and



whenever it was possible, prevailed on the inn people to bring water up to the room for me.

Kumanto has a beautiful park, which was thronged with people the afternoon we were there; and it was delightful to see how frankly they were enjoying themselves. Children were rolling over and over on the grassy hillocks, with fathers and mothers helping and encouraging; and there was a constant procession of old and young trotting back and forth on the stepping-stones in the brook, — they all seemed to think that the best fun of all.

A Japanese gentleman came to call on us in the evening. He was in full European array, and it was amusing to see stockinged feet in company with broad-cloth and immaculate linen, for of course he had to leave his shoes at the door. We were all sitting around on the floor when he came, and when he was seated, the ceremony of greeting began. He made a profound bow which we returned. He made a second bow and we, in turn, acknowledged the courtesy in concert. This was repeated again and again, until the proper respect had been paid him; and then, at last, tea and conversation ensued.

We were up at five o'clock on Monday, and, after a long ride, reached the station in time for the 5.45 train. We changed at Misumi to a small steamer, and, after an uneventful and not very attractive sail of five hours, landed at Komenoku, where the Japanese at the landing were overheard discussing the amazing amount of luggage we had with us. After luncheon at the inn, Harry set to work to make the hard wooden seats of the basha, the Japanese stage coach, comfortable with rugs, pillows and air cushions. These little wagons,

which are under government management, count six as the regular number of passengers, so Harry had to engage two, one for us and one for our baggage, so that we could have ours to ourselves. Even then we were wedged in so closely that whenever one of us wanted to change position, all the rest had to change also. We were six hours covering thirty miles, as the road was all on the up grade. The road was very fine, with substantial stone bridges over every little brook, and every bank propped with stone-work. Immense defiles, over two hundred feet deep, had been cut from the hills to make room for the road—an immense amount of labor, as the work is all done by hand. Tourists are very rare in these parts, and all the little brown people along the way showed great interest in us. Tiny boys on the road took off their caps, mothers turned their babies around to see the strange sight, old people, going home hand in hand from their day's work in the fields, called out a cheerful greeting. It grew dark, and still we drove on and on, until at last, at ten o'clock we came to Sendai, and dragged our stiff limbs across a lantern-lighted court to our rooms in the inn, — beautiful rooms, with the woodwork all hand rubbed to satin smoothness, handsome rugs and fine bronzes. And this country inn owns a white silk hand-painted mosquito net that cost a hundred dollars.

Our provision basket not having caught up with us, we had to have a real Japanese dinner. Menu: stewed sea-weed, broiled fish, sliced raw fish, beef, rice, tea and sponge cakes, which were delicious. The whole of the hotel staff turned out to see us off the next morning, after our pile of luggage had been augmented by several large boxes of Japanese candy which the

host had given us. The scenery was beautiful all the way. The road, elevated above rice and barley fields, meandered through one long narrow valley after another, and all along the road were huge bushes covered with tiny white roses, and the hillsides flamed with the crimson of the wild azalea and the red of the Japanese maple. We covered forty miles during the day, and reached here about eight o'clock. Just outside the city our driver, who had been scowling all day, demanded twice the proper fare, and, when Harry rebuked him, got "ugly" and unharnessed both the horses, — the one drawing our basha and the one following with the luggage. He reckoned without his host though; for without wasting any words Harry called the nearest policeman, and as it is against the law to ask for more than the fixed fare, the driver emerged from his interview with the arm of the law in chastened mood, harnessed his horses again, and brought us here without any more fuss. He was required to appear at the Police Court the next day. The Japanese evidently make their laws for use and not for ornament.

As we drove up to the gate, dancing paper lanterns on the road turned out to be little Laura and her faithful O'Hara San watching for us. This is a charming spot. The house is really a Japanese house, but they improved it till it has all the advantages of the Japanese and foreign ideas, and the garden is so pretty.

It is wonderful what charm a Japanese gardener can give to what would be with us only a little yard. Where we should see no possibilities beyond a flower bed or two, a few trees and a grass plot, they make a veritable little Eden with shrubs, winding paths, stone

lanterns, rockeries, and perhaps a tiny lake. The air is heavy with the scent of orange blossoms, and from the piazza one can look over the tree tops and see looming up against the distant blue of the sky the huge cone of the volcanic mountain Kaimondake.

The week here has been very delightful. Kagoshima is the most southern city in Japan, and the largest



HARRY, LAURA AND O'HARA SAN AT THE GARDEN GATE

in the province of Satsuma. It is in this city that the beautiful Satsuma ware is made. We made a visit to the factory one day. In the show room our cards, with the request that we be allowed to visit the workshops, were given to the young gentleman who appeared. He readily consented, and we were shown into a room where about a dozen men were at work, some turning cups on the potter's wheel, others, with

small sharp instruments, making the delicate open-work in incense burners.. One man was making incense boxes in the shape of little fat images of Daruma, the Buddhist saint who sat his legs off. Upstairs men were sitting on the floor, with their paints on low tables before them, engaged in painting cups and plates. The whole factory was light and clean, and a fit place for the dainty ware. The men worked comfortably, with no clattering machinery, no rush or fret. After seeing everything, even to the stock of cream-white powdered clay, I was given plenty of time to deliberate over my choice of a souvenir among the pretty things spread out on a table in an upper room with a glorious view from its windows of mountain and sparkling blue sea.

Our waiting jinrickishas then carried us to a stairway at the foot of a hill, and on climbing up the long flight of stone steps, which are nearly worn out of all resemblance to steps by the feet of countless pilgrims, we came to the cemetery where Saigo, the leader of the Satsuma Rebellion in 1877, lies with his band of followers. Near the top of the stairway there is a gigantic wooden statue of him with a rabbit-net in his belt and his hunting dog at his side. A band of a hundred school boys from the country, thirty miles away, were there with their masters, and formed into line to march home while we were looking at the tombs. No doubt it will be long before those boys forget their visit to the hero's grave.

Mary and I had a delightful jinrickisha ride out to Iso, in the suburbs, where the wealthy Japanese have their summer villas, and where the better class of tea houses are to be found. We passed the summer

home of the present prince of Satsuma, and the little villa built for the boy prince when he was born. The ride along the bay is especially beautiful. Sakura-jima (Cherry Island) with its mountain being in plain view, and at a curve in the road there are a picturesque leaning pine and a stone lantern. The pine is called the Loo Choo pine, because in the olden days, when Loo Choo was tributary to Satsuma, the boats from Loo Choo were not allowed to go further up the bay than the pine.

Another day we spent some delightful hours turning over the contents of a silk store. There were silks for weddings and silks for funerals, and gorgeous silks, threaded and wrought with gold, for obi, dainty crepes for the lady's inside robe and for babies' use, — as Japanese babies wear silks and crepes, and are quaint little miniatures of father and mother. Passing along a street in the city, we stopped to watch a man making candles from wax extracted from the nuts of the wax tree. He was sitting on the floor with two large vessels of dark brown liquid before him, in one hand he held a bunch of thin round sticks on which the paper wicks for the candles had already been fastened. These he twirled around in one of the vessels, keeping it full by ladling more wax in all the time with the other hand. The wax adhered to the wicks and he kept them in motion until the candles were thick enough. Then he took them out to smooth and shape them by hand.

Across the street from the candle maker was a man at work on Japanese umbrellas, he had several frames partly made. These umbrellas are all made of bamboo and oiled paper. At another place they were mak-

ing mats for floors. They call them tatami, and make them of several thicknesses of coarse matting quilted with linen thread. The top cover is of fine grass or reed, grown especially for this sort of matting. They are bound with coarse black linen and are all the same size, three inches thick, three feet wide, six feet three inches long. This is how the Japanese can always tell the size of a room by counting the mats on the floor.

A little further on was a silk factory. These places are all open in front, and I stopped to watch the thread, — almost as delicate as a cobweb, — being reeled up, and marvelled that it did not break. Women were at work weaving silk of different grades, and presently we were invited into the house to look at some of it; but as we had no slippers with us we preferred to sit on the piazza floor, around by the garden, and the lady of the house brought out trays of tea, sweetmeats, raisins and packages of silks and embroideries.



## XVII

Bluff Hotel, Yokohama.

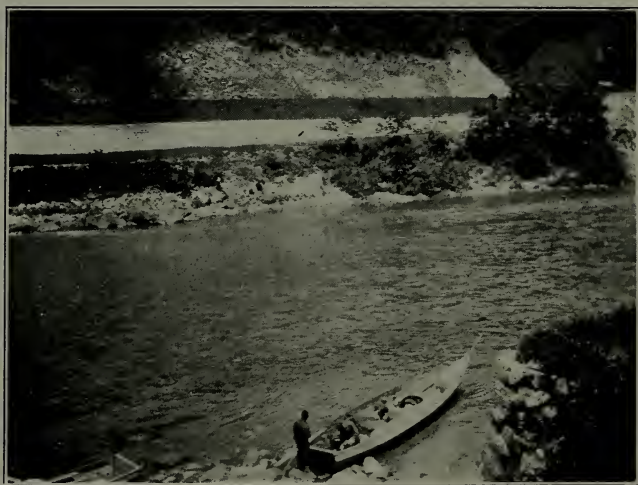
WE overslept, the last morning of our stay in Kagoshima, and had a great scramble to catch the train. O'Hara San, O'Hide San, the jinrickisha man, Laura, Harry, Mary and I were all strung out along the road, running along as hard as we could pelt, loaded with our numerous boxes, bags and bundles. Fortune favored us, and we got there in time. The clock was just striking six when our train moved. Dear little Laura smiled sweetly and bravely at us until the train bore us out of sight.

The train ride of three hours was beautiful, along the curving shore of the bay and then inland to Yoshimatu, the end of the line. It began to rain just as we left the train. There was only one basha at the station, and into that we crowded, with all our belongings, with all the curtains down, except the one at the end, to keep out the rain. However, this one window gave such a vista of beauty that we could not bear to have so much shut out, and so, rain or no rain, we put up all the others. At Kakuto we changed to another basha, and had a hasty luncheon while it was being made ready. Once on the way again, the road began to ascend, winding up along the side of the mountain. The distant views below were glorious, and must be something wonderful when the skies are clear and the distant hills free from the veil of mist. The gloom of the wet landscape was brightened by the scarlet and

maroon of the wild azalea, and the young leaves of the camphor added another touch of red. When we were near the top of the mountain we had to change bashas again, stepping from one to another across a sea of mud, the rain pouring meanwhile. It was even more beautiful coming down the other side of the mountain, the road zigzagging from one lovely valley to another. Finally we reached level ground, and at the same time the rain came to an end. At the Nabe-ya Inn, at Hitayoshi, they gave us rooms opening on a gallery over the river, and hastened to impress us with their foreign splendor by bringing up several chairs and a round table, which they set up with great pride. The first thing on the program on arriving at a Japanese inn is a hot bath. I took one that first night at Kumanoto. Mary is so thoughtful of me. She stays with me all the time, thinking, I suppose, that I might be frightened at being left alone in these inns with their paper walls. That night she went down with me to the bath room, which was in a little house in the courtyard, and stayed near to keep the Japanese away. This time, when the woman in charge of the inn asked Mary if "her daughter" wanted a bath, I said "Not to-day, thank you". Mary told her that "her daughter" had a cold. There were several young maids who made a great many errands to the room; and, as they evidently wanted to get acquainted, I showed them pictures in the magazine I was reading while Harry and Mary were taking their bath. When they came back, looking parboiled, we had supper, — eating on the floor, as usual, in spite of our fine "foreign" table, as we all voted it a bother to get up to it. The Japanese maids then made up our

beds, and hung around, waiting to see how my clothes came off; but I frustrated their hopes by shutting off the electric light.

We were all up early in the morning, ready for departure by eight o'clock. On going down to our boat, which was waiting just below our gallery, we found Harry had already been at work on it, and made



OUR BOAT ON THE KUMAGAWA RIVER

it a perfect nest of rugs and cushions. We were to sit on the floor, and there were high board sides to keep the water from drenching us as we went through the rapids. Our baggage was stowed away and covered, to keep it from getting wet. A small boy took his place at the one oar at the stern and a man with a yellow parasol and a pole made himself comfortable in the bow. We snuggled down in our rugs, and my

never-to-be-forgotten day on the Kumagawa river began. Few tourists take this trip, as it is so far off the beaten tracks.



ON THE KUMAGAWA RIVER

The day was perfect, and the scenery for the whole forty miles one long delight, — the river curving between high hills, pretty villages here and there, culti-

vation everywhere. We met a good many boats coming up, dragged by scores of men both in the water and on the bank, as the current is too strong for rowing. Our boat was the only one going down. Shooting the rapids was very exciting, a fresh set appearing every little while. Our boy pulled steadily at his oar; but the man sitting under his yellow parasol, singing



VIEW FROM THE SHRINE IN THE CAVE

nonchalantly, made me indignant, because he let the small boy do all the hard work. Just then a mass of foaming water came in sight — down went the yellow parasol and up came the man and the pole. His dexterity was wonderful. He knew exactly the right moment to put out his pole, and just the spot where it would be most effective. I changed my opinion of him.

About noon, when it was getting hot, we came to the great cave, reached by climbing up the hill from the river. It is hung with stalactites, and there is a shrine on a platform cut out of the rock, high up inside.

The boatman was unwilling to stop long enough to picnic in the shade on the bank, so we had to eat our lunch on the boat. Lighting the fire in the charcoal brazier, we made tea and toasted sausages as we floated along, holding umbrellas over each other to keep us from melting in the hot sun. The whole left bank of the river for a long way had been cut out and banked with stone for the new railway that was to be built; all the work having been done by hand!

The end of the river trip came when we drew near the bank at Yatsushiro at four o'clock. A crowd of jinrickisha men came rushing along the bank to meet us; but instead of coming to blows, when they saw there were not enough of us to go around, they drew lots among themselves with pieces of rope, to settle which of them should take us. A train ride of an hour finished the day, bringing us to Kumanoto, where we spent the night at the same inn in which we had stopped on the way down to Kagoshima. We were up early next morning and off for Moji, a train ride of more than five hours. At Moji we crossed the strait to Shimonoseki in a big steam ferry. Shimonoseki is on the main island, and the Sanyo line of Railway is more European than the Kyusho. There was also a change in the country and the people, the country being more densely populated and closely cultivated, and the people more urban. We had luncheon in a dining car that would hold eight at a pinch. Harry, who had been our cook all along, was delighted with

the change ; but we voted him the better cook. During the afternoon we rode through the beautiful scenery on the shore of the Inland Sea, till darkness fell, blotting out the lovely pictures. We were glad to leave the train when Miyajima station was reached at half past eight. A boy from the Mikado Hotel was waiting to meet us, a sail of fifteen minutes took us to the island where, as no jinrickishas are allowed and we did not want to walk over a mile in the dark, we embarked again, — this time in a rowboat, — and were landed on a beach where several Japanese with paper lanterns were waiting to guide us through the woods to the little house that had been prepared for us. The two rooms had foreign furniture and I was so glad to see a real bed again. A laughing little dumpling of a maid brought us tea and hot water. I was delighted when I emerged in the morning to find that our little house was perched on the bank of a pretty little brook, surrounded by a fairy-land of woods. There were more dainty little houses near by, which, with the larger house where the meals were served, made up the Mikado Hotel. Art and Nature combined to make the place fascinating. There were fountains, tiny lakes with gold fish, charming walks along the seashore or through the woods and tame deer and doves that came to eat from our hands. The Temple, which is a celebrated one, is built on piles, and at high tide is surrounded by water. There are galleries and bridges all around it, and a most wonderful torii away out in the sea whose supports are made of the trunks of two immense trees. There are stone lanterns all along the beach, and Harry had them all lighted up one night, taking us out in a boat so that we could see from the



water the effect of the myriad of little twinkling lights. The temple treasure-house has a gallery over six hundred feet long, hung with quaint old pictures; and on the hill, back of this, is a huge building called "the Hall of a Thousand Mats". This is reputed to have been built from the wood of a single tree. Its roof is supported by pillars that are covered with wooden butter paddles, nailed up there by visitors for luck, and the effect is the strangest. Over in Maple Valley is another charming Japanese-foreign hotel, and all around are scattered fascinating curio shop, and stalls for the sale of cakes and sweetmeats. They looked so good, so exactly like our peppermints and other familiar dainties, that I hailed them with joy and insisted on buying a supply, in spite of Mary's warning, only to throw them away when I got out of sight of the stall. I am sure I could never learn to like things made of bean paste.

How sorry I was when the time came for us to leave the lovely island. The train for Kobe was so crowded that we had to sit wedged in for eight long hours. The route lay along the shore of the Inland Sea, but owing to the crowd, and to the fact that I had to sit with my back to the windows, I could hardly see anything outside, which was disappointing. The people around me were very interesting, though; — Chinese merchants in silken robes and tasseled queues, Koreans in baggy white trousers, and Japanese of both sexes, old and young. On one side of me were a young father and mother, with a small baby of whom they were very proud; and oh, how they did fuss over it! On the other side was a lady in rich dark robes, who smoked a small silver pipe and, at intervals, powdered

her face with the aid of a wee hand-glass. Nearby was a Japanese Christian, — a missionary to Korea, — on his way to Tokio to Conference, taking his lively three-year-old daughter along to visit her grandmother. Her antics kept her poor patient father on the jump all the time.

It was nearly midnight before we reached the Tokiwasha Inn at Kobe and got under our futons to dream of the day. We had an amusing time in the morning with the landlady, who knew no English, but thought she did.

The milk for our breakfast was brought up in a pretty blue and white vase. They said it was a saki bottle. I admired it so much that I had them ask the landlady to let me buy it. She replied that if I would accept so trifling a thing she would like to present it to me. I am getting quite a collection of things from the inns. It is a custom in this quaint little country to tip the proprietor of the inn instead of the servants, and if he is satisfied with the amount he returns the courtesy by offering a parting gift. They gave us blue and white towels at Kumanoto, and large boxes of Japanese sweets at Sendai. The Mikado Hotel, being foreign, did not keep Japanese customs.

Kobe, being a port, is quite a large city; but instead of going sight-seeing we went to a photographer's where there was a fine collection of beautiful views, and transparencies. After spending a couple of hours very enjoyably there, we rode around, had luncheon at a little tea house on the hill, and took an afternoon train for Kyoto. The Nakamura Inn is so close to one of the temples as to seem a part of it. It is supposed to be a foreign hotel, and our rooms did have heavy

old-fashioned furniture, but one of the beds had no springs and the other was made up top-side-down with pillows at the foot. Kyoto is renowned for its temples, but as my time was getting short, Harry planned for us to see only the few in which he thought we would be most interested, beginning with the Kitano Tenjiri, where sick people were rubbing bronze animals in the hope of being relieved from their pain. Worshipers at the shrine pulled vigorously at the bell rope and clapped their hands, to call the attention of the god before beginning to pray. At the Kinkakuji we made part of a party taken through the temple apartments by a priest. These rooms are renowned for the sliding screens and kakemonos painted by old masters. The Japanese with us seemed to admire them very much. After inspecting them all we were led into a room where we were ranged in a long row on the floor and served with the greenest tea I ever saw. This serious ceremony over, we three made our way through the garden to the Golden Pavilion, where again our shoes came off and worsted slippers were donned. This is something we go through every time we go into a temple or Japanese house and I think it very tiresome. We have a special bag for our slippers and button hook, and the jinrickisha men stand on guard over our shoes while we are in the temples. This pavilion is interesting. In addition to the gilt statues of gods and goddesses there is a revolving library of sacred books, and the common people, at least, think that by giving it a complete revolution an act of piety equal to reading the whole collection has been performed. It is the third floor that gave the pavilion its name. It is completely gilded, walls, ceiling and floor, and the

ceiling is eighteen feet square and made from one piece of wood. The gold is nearly worn off now, but must have been magnificent once. There is a lake in the garden close by, where huge carp three feet long disport themselves. The little islands in this lake illustrate the art of the landscape gardener; one being in the shape of a tortoise with its head and legs all drawn in, another the tortoise with its head and feet out.

A distant hill was pointed out as the "Silk Hat Mountain" so called because one of the Emperors ordered it covered with white silk one hot day so that he might have the pleasure of looking at something cool. The Kijomizu-dera temple is on a steep hill, and the street that leads up to it is lined on both sides with fascinating shops full of gay toys and earthenware. These shops are all open in front, with their wares temptingly laid out. At the top of the hill a steep stairway goes up to a two-storied gateway in which are hideous giant gods painted bright green and blue, and all spotted with paper spit-balls. Each of these spit-balls represent a wish. The wish is written on a piece of paper, and its writer chews it up and throws it at one of these gentlemen. If it sticks, the wish will come true.

The Higashi (East) Hongwauiji is a new temple that is magnificent with gilt and polished wood. The bronze fountains and lanterns in the courtyard are very fine. The temple itself is composed of two buildings, with peaked roofs that have the peculiarity of being double. They are connected by a covered gallery and the larger of the two is the largest building in Japan. When passing along the verandah at the side of this

building, I was attracted by a large coil of odd-looking dark-colored rope, and on asking about the presence of this incongruous object, they told it was rope that had been used to lift the beams of the ceiling into position — there are no derricks in Japan — and was made of human hair, given by those who wished to help in the building of the temple, and who being too poor to give money, gave their hair instead.

We passed the Mikado's Palace several times, but there is no admission, and nothing can be seen above the high outside wall except a peaked roof or two among the tree tops. This plastered outside wall painted pale yellow with the five white lines that denote Imperial property, has the peculiarity of having a roof.

During our all day ride from Kyoto to Yokohama it rained hard. At this I was much disappointed, as the route lay over the famous Tokaido or "Eastern Sea Road" along which, from the seventeenth century down, the Diamyos or great lords, with their retinues have come yearly to court. The road is also famous for its superb views of Fuji; but alas, the rain and fog blotted out everything. There was an interesting party in the compartment with us, two fathers and mothers with small children and one woman alone with two sturdy youngsters. When Mary asked her the baby's age and she replied three, Mary explained that she meant one year and a half, as the Japanese date age from the New Year and all the little girls celebrate their birthdays on March 3d and all the boys on May 5th without regard to the actual date of birth. There were also three young ladies who seemed to be enjoying each other's company very much. One, a very

beautiful girl, had a headache, and the other two put pieces of court plaster around her neck and forehead and she lay down to rest. I took stolen looks at her, to find she had a Buddhist rosary concealed in her hands, and was telling her beads, and stealing an occasional glance our way to ascertain if we knew what she was doing.

The Bluff Hotel is, as its names implies, situated on the bluff where the foreign population of Yohohama have their homes. It is an old-fashioned place, — just a collection of houses thrown into one. I have a “cute” little room, up under the eaves, where I bump my head on the ceiling in moments of abstraction. There’s a sort of bay window at one end, which gives me a view of the trees beyond and a bit of road. Most of the guests are American, — Army or Navy men, en route to or from the Philippines with their families.

After a day or two here we went over to Tokio. The Industrial Exposition being open, Mary and I spent a day in Uyen Park. This is the largest park in Japan, and is famous for its cherry blossoms; but unfortunately it was past their season. The collection of ivory carving in the Fine Arts building was the most wonderful I had ever seen. An infant catching flies, cut from a single piece of ivory and half the size of life, was simply bewitching. There were old men, women, and children, from a few inches to a foot in height, all as natural as life, with each detail perfect. Near by were some beautiful gold lacquer boxes and trays, and I could use up all my adjectives over the porcelain; then I lost my heart over cases full of fascinating Japanese clothes, kimonos of crepe and of silk,

brocade stiff with gold thread, and jeweled clasps to fasten the obi.

Further on were glass cases full of dried fishes, huge bundles of something that looked like brown honey comb but was really sea-weed, and delicious-looking jellies, cakes and sweets.

Outside the building it was as gay as possible; fluttering flags and bright paper lanterns swung from the trees in festoons, and everywhere were crowds of gaily-dressed little people. The flower garden was full of roses. Near the garden a pavilion was devoted to the arrangement of flowers, an art which every Japanese lady must count among her accomplishments. Each arrangement, as well as the vase, has its own special meaning. For instance, a spray of pine and one of sweet william in a bamboo vase means sylvan delight. There were a few people sitting on the floor in front of the flowers. Remembering what I had heard of the worship of flowers, I asked Mary if it was true that the Japanese worshipped flowers, and if those people were paying their devotion to them. "Oh, no," she said, "they are only sitting on the floor in proper Japanese style, just as we would seat ourselves if we wanted to take a long restful look at anything. Some of the Japanese occasionally bow to the flower arrangements, but that is only to show their appreciation of the art of the person who made the arrangement, just as some appreciative admirer might bow his head in the presence of the work of a master artist."

We had tiffin at the Seiyoken Hotel, climbed a long stairway to a plateau on a hill top, where there was a fine view, and wound up the day by having some good



ice cream at a little place on the edge of the lake and exploring a lot of little shops nearby. I think it is great fun to poke through the little shops and see the curious things for sale.

From Tokio we took a flying visit to Nikko, five hours away by train. The last half of the way was through wild and beautiful country, where the hills, as in Kyusho, were covered with red azalea. Just before the train stopped we had a glimpse of the famous avenue of cyptomeras. The woods around Nikko are magnificent, and the temples are beautifully situated among the trees. The swift-flowing river is crossed by a red lacquer bridge, only opened for royalty. Every-day people use another bridge. The roof of the summer palace of some of the Imperial Princesses is pointed out among the trees. Near a pretty landscape garden is a curious black copper column, supported by five shorter ones, with bars that cross through its centre. This column is supposed to avert evil influence. A beautiful avenue of cyptomeras leads to a huge granite torii; then comes a flight of steps, crowned by a gate, through which we went in company with a whole troop of small boys and girls, being taken through the temple in charge of care-takers. They were "cute" little things; the largest did not look more than eight years old. We stopped to watch them and call out o-hio, — good morning, — to which they responded. The gate through which we had just passed was carved with animals, lions, unicorns and strange unknown beasts, and the court was surrounded by a bright red wall. The buildings here were only stone houses, but they had such quaint carvings. On one the gables were carved with elephants; on the wall of

another were the three famous monkeys holding paws to eyes, ears and lips to signify they could neither hear, see nor speak evil. We climbed another flight of steps and passed through another gateway inside which were two lions in the act of leaping down. Were we not brave to pass such a barrier? However, these lions were only stone. The small children, having left a neat row of wee straw sandals at the steps, were now going through the temple in this court, and we followed them. I carried away a general impression of having seen a wonderful blaze of gold and color, hideous idols, and an immense dragon crawling over the ceiling. Another flight of steps, and we came to a beautiful gateway with carved pillars. The panels on the inner side were covered with extremely graceful paintings of conventionalized peonies; this gateway has an upper story, and all around this are carved tigers' heads with real wire whiskers. The balcony railing represents children at play, and under the roof are gilt dragons with gaping red mouths. To crown all, a life-like demon looks down on one from the very top. Another court, and then comes the Chinese gate, which leads to the main shrine, and which with its inlaid wood and the golden trellis of its fence is a fit setting to the carving and gold of the shrine. This is a large room, with smaller ones at each end. The walls and ceiling are covered with birds and flowers. Back of this is the chapel, which is not open to visitors.

Out of the opposite side of the courtyard, on our way to Ieyasu's tomb, we passed through a door over which is the often reproduced painting of a sleeping cat; on the other side is a moss-covered stone gallery

from which a long stone stairway, guarded by a wall, goes up through the woods to the tomb upon the hill. It was so still and peaceful that a spell fell upon me, and I sat down on the steps of the little chapel to dream. Just on the other side of me, guarded by bronze gates, a mossy stone wall surrounded the pagoda-shaped tomb.

On the way back to Tokio a young fellow countryman who had joined us entertained me with a most diverting history of his experiences at a Japanese inn. They asked him if he wanted a hot bath, and when he said "yes" conducted him to the bath-room instructing him on no account to soap himself until he came out of the water. He said he had just left the water when the door opened and a woman came in, who proceeded to divest herself of her kimono and go down into the water in calm disregard of the startled boy, who fled in haste and consternation.

On Saturday, Mary and I were out sight-seeing. Tokio streets are not pretty, but they are very interesting. The Japanese are so neat that their little houses always look inviting. One rarely sees a dirty child, and, everywhere we went, the women were washing, or the washing was out to dry. But you would not know at first that it was washing; they rip up their kimonos, for they are only run together with long stitches, wash the pieces, and stretch them out on a thin board, and set the boards up against the house. And they are forever watering the streets, — with a pail of water and a dipper.

We rode around the wide double moat that surrounds the Imperial Palace. The green bank on the other side is dotted with pines and topped by a stone

wall. All that one can see back of that is a couple of high-pitched roofs among clustering tree tops.

Shiba Park in no way compares with Nikko in natural beauties, but the temples are said to be finer, and they really are more wonderful in carving and color, the gates being a mass of carving on a larger scale than the carving at Nikko. The corridor leading to the sanctum was where the great lords ranged themselves to wait while their master, the Shogun, penetrated alone the Holy of Holies to worship the spirits of his ancestors. We were allowed to enter the sanctum, with its gilt walls and numbers of red lacquer tables at which the priests sat. There are rows and rows of bronze lanterns in the court. The tombs of the Shoguns are on the hill behind.

Another afternoon we started directly after luncheon, with two runners for each jinrickisha, for the Iris gardens, at Horikiri. The way lay through the Mukojima, where a beautiful avenue of cherry trees lines the river bank. Horikiri used to be the old execution ground, and on account of so much blood having been spilled there they say the Irises grow better and finer than in any other spot. It was a little early in the season for the flowers, but there were enough of the stately beauties open to give me an idea how beautiful the field must be when in its glory. We had tea in one of the numerous little summer houses before starting on the return journey. All the way, people were out in holiday attire, and such a number of babies! Every old man and almost every child had a baby strapped to his back. One old man had a flower-trimmed hat seemingly dangling from his shoulders. When I got nearer it resolved itself into the head-

gear of a sleeping child. You cannot imagine how funny it is to see the children in their kimonos, with an English pinafore, and a flower-trimmed straw hat on top. I think the children are spoiled by being carried when they are so big and sturdy. To my mind the bright pretty little girls are the most attractive sight in Japan. I wish we could import jinrickishas and the jinrickisha men, the former are so comfortable and convenient, and the men are so intelligent, helpful, careful and honest.

I wanted to visit the School for the Deaf before leaving Tokio, so Harry sent a note to one of the Secretaries of the U. S. Legation, asking him to get us a permit to visit the School. We had to leave Tokio on Monday afternoon, and when Monday morning's mail brought a note from him in which he deeply regretted being unable to get the desired permit, as the Minister of Education was out of town, Harry said "Never mind; we will go, and I will see what I can do with the aid of our visiting cards". For the sake of additional speed we each had two runners for our jinrickishas, and even then were beginning to think the ride was very long, when at last our men turned into a gate in a high board fence, and stopped at the door of a large frame building. The doors being wide open, we walked in, and, as good fortune would have it, the gentleman walking along the hall, to whom Harry spoke, presenting our cards, turned out to be the Principal himself. He was most cordial, and not only consented to our visiting the school, but went through it with us, introducing us in each class-room, where I tried, but unsuccessfully, to talk to the mutes. Finally we were taken to the chapel, and when the school

assembled there the Principal wrote a long address in tea-chest characters on the blackboard. Afterwards he took us to the Art Department, where a number of boys were at work on water-color designs. He had one of them paint several fans, which he gave me, together with some flower studies.

Mary and I returned to the Bluff Hotel on Monday evening, and the faithful tailor, according to his promise to bring home my things early on Tuesday morning, brought them before six o'clock, and stood outside my door until I opened it and found him there.

Harry came on from Tokio this morning, Wednesday, to see that I and all my baggage got safely on the Hong Kong Maru. I have pasted steamship labels on my trunks for the last time, and my last day in Japan has dawned bright and beautiful.

## XVIII

## On Board the Hong Kong Maru.

I AM beginning to feel as if I had always been on this boat, and all other events in my life were but a series of dreams. It is my first long voyage on a small steamer. The Pacific, which I had always imagined as calm as any tropical lake, has been as turbulent as the Atlantic; and one feels the motion so much more on a small boat. We were hardly well outside Yokohama Bay before a wave washed across the saloon companion-way, and our porthole had to be closed. There have been a few bright warm days when the sea was smooth, when we could move around and even have deck games. One of these was Antipodes Day, when the ship crossed the line. A big canvas swimming tank had been put up on the lower deck for the aquatic sports, and a few of the gentlemen did "stunts" for our amusement; for further celebration, there was a ball in the evening.

We anchored off Honolulu about noon, one glorious day, ten days after leaving Yokohama. After waiting for the Health Officer to come out to the ship, we were all sent into the saloon, and as the passenger list was read we had to walk up, one by one, and get a ticket, without which, we were told, we would not be allowed to come on board again. Luncheon was in progress when the ship came up to the wharf, but we were all ready to go off almost as soon as the stairway had been let down. The five of us were soon wedged into



a surrey and off to see all we could before our ship sailed again at seven o'clock.

Honolulu's business streets look just like those in any eastern town of the United States, but the residence part is a bit of Southern California with its pretty bungalows in their gardens of tropical luxuriance. The road up to the Punch Bowl, an extinct volcano, was wild and lovely, and the view from there glorious, though we saw it through a smart shower, with the sun shining gaily all the time. We hurried on to the Waikiki Seaside Hotel to watch the bathers and natives riding the surf on planks. There we had some tea, and hastened away again, through the city, as fast as our horse could go, getting glimpses of the Royal Palace and the home of the Princesses, and of the grounds of the Old People's Home. There the driver gathered us glorious waxen magnolias, guavas, and bananas, then hurried us on for a peep at the Moana and Royal Hawaiian Hotels, and finally raced us off to the pier, where a long row of native women, with garlands of flowers around their necks, sat on the floor, selling flowers. The clock was just about to strike seven, — we were saved. After all, the steamer did not leave until nine o'clock; but we did not venture to go off again, not wishing to risk getting left, as we knew every berth in all the steamers for a month ahead had been engaged and one of the officers told me that there were four hundred passengers left in Honolulu, waiting for a chance to go on.

All the stewards in this ship are Chinese. My table steward is a toothless old fellow with a long queue which he wears tucked into the pocket of the blue linen pinafore that covers him down to the ankles.

He has constituted himself a committee of one to look after me, and embarrasses me considerably by his attentions.

The ever thoughtful Harry and Mary left a big bundle of beautiful cards for me, one for each day of the voyage, so I am transported back to Japan every morning.

6.00 o'clock Thursday evening.

The 2100 miles between Honolulu and San Francisco are now drawing to an end, and though no land has been sighted yet, everything is ready for landing. Our trunks have all been taken away from us and all the baggage is piled up ready to be carried off. We are tingling with excitement.

Half past eight. — There's a light on the horizon and they tell me we have been telegraphed, and are only twenty-five miles from San Francisco. We sailed from New York on a 13th and today is the 13th of the month, but of course they will not allow us to land before morning.

Eleven o'clock — A pilot has been taken on, and lights are flashing all along the shore. The wind is "freezing cold". It does not seem true that it is really blowing from my native land, and that soon I shall see you all once more.

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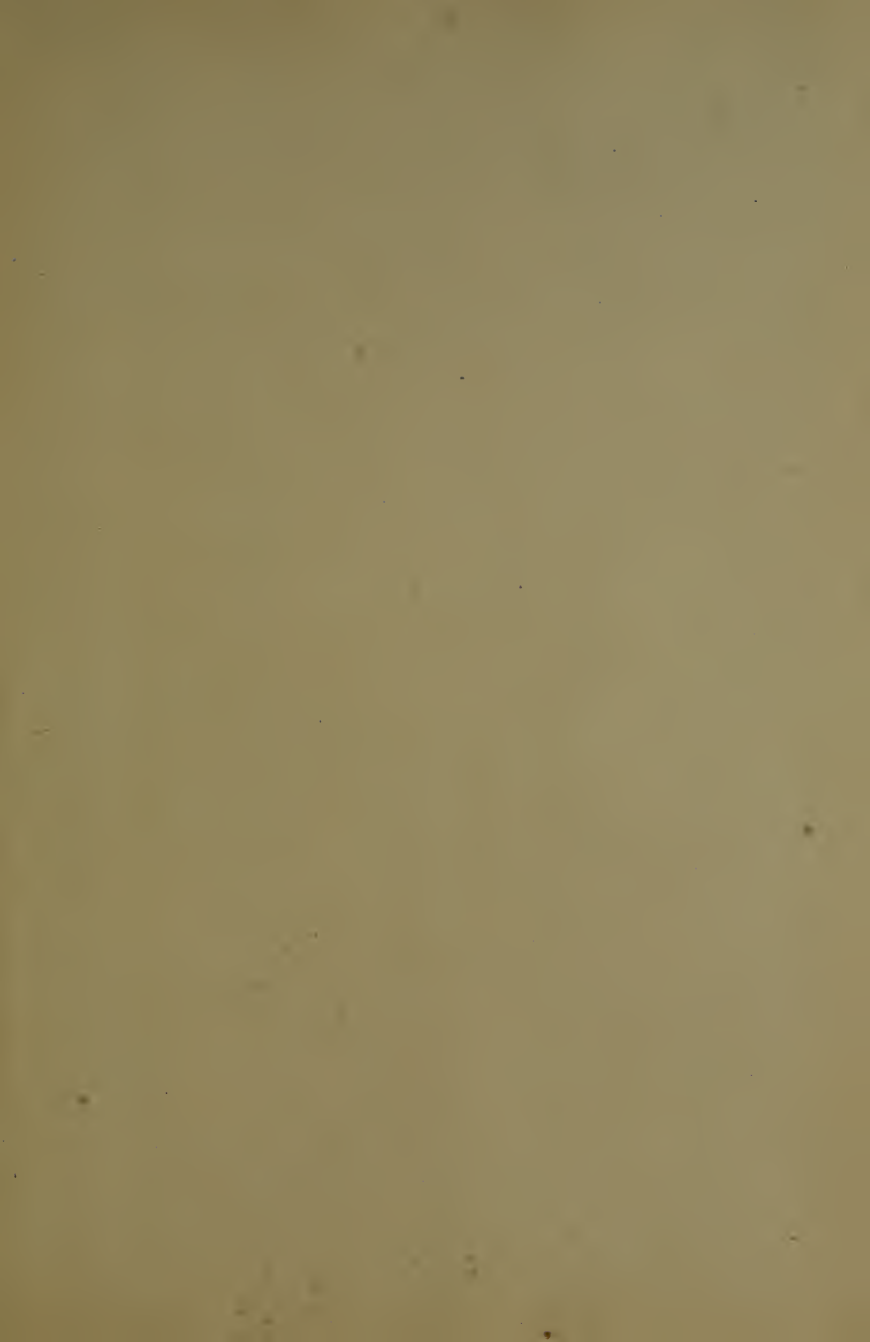
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